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THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Tweny two Number Twelve

page 5
Simone

page 21
Tina

Cor, it's been a funny old week, dear readers, carousing London's clubland searching out more talent to grace the pages of Club. Or at least that's my excuse as to why I've been so bleary-eyed all day. How can you expect me to be drinking until four in the morning and wading through all these photos during the day? It's just not fair, dammit!

So where have I been talent-spotting, eh? Well, first port of call was *Rrrrock* club at The Borderline for a spot of late-night quaffing. I conspired to miss the band, but was more than satisfied by the gaggle of leather-clad Rock chicks offering me various inducements to get their wares displayed within our horny pages. Fantastic. I woke up in the morning with a furry tongue, an unidentified telephone number, a ticket stub and a pair of knickers! I'll mark that down as a success!

Then there was The Pet Shop Boys launch party which whipped up a storm at The Roundhouse. The paparazzi were out in force, but told me to fuck off politely when I stopped and

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Lucy

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Stephanie

Thought of the month:
"Top erom ekoms!" – Anon, 1993, Nedmac

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Sonia

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Marie

flashed my famous cheesy grin, while stars of the night Neil and the other one asked the guy on the door if I had an invite. Oh well...

Not much rampant totty inside for me to lure though, but hardly surprising considering the upbeat nature of the housy grooves being spun. Lots of boys there, mind! Funny they never marry. So I propped up the bar and there I remained until the small hours.

And finally, off to Wembley to ogle Madonna. Surely to God there would be somebody present willing to bare boobs and bum for me. When the Material Girl herself finally, er... materialised, I reckoned there were more than a few game lasses onstage with her. So waving the latest issue of Club, I attempted to attract the attention of someone, anyone who was performing to make my proposal. Well, when I say 'anyone', I didn't really mean the twelve foot gorilla who grabbed my arm, hoisted me over his head and removed me from the premises. Bastard. And I'm sure as I departed, Maddy herself was whispering 'I love you' at me. Let's see if I've got her home number in me filofax. I'll just give her a call... ♣

page 92
Michelle

page 44
Sarah

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IN THE BAG

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HF...

Play It Again, Sam

I've always thought Club to be the best men's mag there is and you certainly lived up to your reputation with the latest edition (Vol 22 No 10).

Where exactly do you get all these gorgeous women? Is there some little corner of the world reserved for these lovelies where they're preened and pampered in preparation for their appearances in your magazine? C'mon, come clean – there's a little place called Clubsville tucked away on an island in the South Pacific, isn't there? If so, how about giving me a one-way ticket there? Please.

I mean, take Samantha (I know I would!) as an example. She is the sexiest woman that I've ever laid my eyes on. She's got everything I look for in a woman... long, flowing blonde hair, a crucial pair of legs, wonderfully pert breasts and the sort of face that could melt a cheese sandwich from fifty feet. Ahhh, words fail me... *(What a pity – The Ed.)*

C'mon, please let's see more of Samantha... and soon! I'm counting on you, fellas. – *Graham, Bromley*

Naughty Neighbour

I've always loved reading the letters and Talkin' Blue section in Club; the raunchy experiences of your readers never fail to have me feeling very turned on. I also think that the girls are gorgeous too and I often fantasise about posing in Club myself.

My boyfriend, Peter, and I have had quite a few naughty experiences, but the sexy story I'm about to tell you didn't involve him at all, but his friend, Adam.

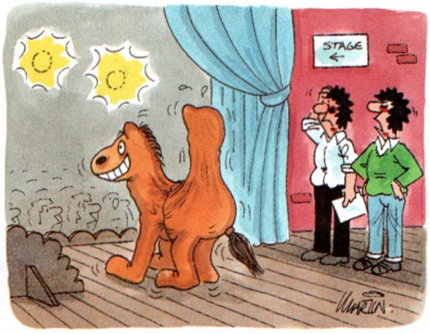
I've secretly fancied Adam for ages, and was always trying to imagine what it would be like sucking hard on his thick cock and fondling his hairy balls.

My chance came last week when I dropped around to his flat one afternoon to return his wallet – he'd left it at our place the night before.

He invited me in for a coffee and we sat and made small talk for a while until I turned the conversation around to sex. I admitted that I'd often fantasised about having an affair, but that the chance had never arisen.

Adam moved closer to me and listened as I continued... then he started to stroke my neck as I talked.

I turned to face him, then pulled him close and we kissed; our tongues probing each other's mouth. The atmosphere was electric; I felt an amazing release after months of flirtation.



"I warned you not to put Brenda and Kevin in the same pantomime horse!"

My pussy was dripping in anticipation now, and I reached over and started rubbing Adam's swollen cock through his jeans. I could feel it straining through the denim, and I quickly dropped to my knees, positioned myself between his legs and pulled his trousers and boxers down to his ankles. "Mmm, this looks good enough to eat," I purred, gripping his thick shaft. Adam sighed deeply as I ran my tongue up the underside of his cock, then back down to his balls. I cradled them in my hand and delicately licked them.

"That's it, Simone," he groaned. "Suck it nice and hard for me." I wasted no time in following his instructions and I greedily ran my tongue all around his engorged bell-end, before taking his length deep into my mouth. At the same time, Adam slid his free hand along my stockinged leg and up under my skirt. His fingers soon found their way into my wet panties, and he started to massage my clitty and tease my love hole.

Adam then lifted my head from his cock and drew me level with him, so that we were standing facing each other. He reached down and undid my skirt and then hooked his thumbs under the elastic of my panties and pulled them both down to the floor. "Are you ready for some fun?" he asked, picking me up and carrying me through to the bedroom.

Adam laid me down on the bed while he undressed himself. As he did so, he watched me and I couldn't resist running my hands all over my body. One hand went to my breasts and I squeezed and pinched at my eager nipples while fixing Adam with a lusty gaze. The other hand worked itself down to my neatly-shaven mound, then to my aching

Unpopulist

Rear window: ten cars stickers we can't stand

1) Caution, show dogs in transit
2) Don't hoot. Ponies
3) I (heart) my pug
4) My other car's a Porsche
5) I love London
6) I owe, I owe, it's off to work I go...
7) Don't come too close I hardly know you
8) Baby on board
9) Honk if you had it last night
10) Member of the 2CV owners club ♣

I OWE,
I OWE,
IT'S OFF TO
WORK I GO
♫

SPACED OUT!

It's not just the bar prices that scare you shitless in the West End

If you find yourself face-to-face with an eleven-foot high green alien the next time you're walking through the centre of Piccadilly at four in the morning, don't worry. You haven't dropped one too many disco biscuits, you've just come across the star attraction from *Alien War*, London's newest tourist attraction at the Trocadero Centre.

A bit like EuroDisney for space-kadets, *Alien War* brings the phenomenally successful *Alien* films to life and gives you the chance to don combat gear, switch on your laser guns and engage that big green bastard in a fight to the death. The game has already been a hit in Glasgow, where the fearless Jocks hospitalised four people when they got a bit carried away and knocked seven shades of shit out of the poor sods who had dressed up as the Alien! (Which just goes to show that if only bald beautie Sigourney Weaver had the foresight to take Dougie, Jamie and Hamish from Bellshill and not John Hurt, Michael Biehn and Charles Dance, along for their close encounter, then it might all have been over a little bit quicker!)

Once you've zapped the jolly green giant under the expert guidance of the Colonial Marines, you can nip in for an extra-terrestrial snack at the *Alien Cafe* or take a stroll around the museum where there will be many of the costumes and props from the Hollywood trilogy on display.

So our advice is, get down to the Troc quick – before those Jocks trash the whole fucking place...♣

ALIEN WAR

clitty, sending shivers right through my whole body. I slowly pushed my fingers deep into my gash, spread my legs and then brought my fingers straight to my mouth, licking the juices from them.

I was feeling unbelievably horny now and I desperately needed to have Adam's cock inside me. "Fuck me, Adam," I pleaded, "that's what we both want, isn't it?" Adam was on top of me in an instant. He held my arms above my head and kissed me hard, his tongue probing my mouth. I could taste my own juices and this only served to fuel my desires. I reached down and took hold of Adam's prick and guided it between my lips and he slowly pushed it in; inch-by-inch, right up to the hilt.

"That feels sooo good..." I sighed, pushing down on his length. "Now really start fucking me!" I pulled my legs wide open, reached down and started to gently rub the shaft of Adam's cock and tease his balls as he fucked me. His face lit up like the Blackpool illuminations as I eased a finger alongside his prick and told him that my cunt was his to enjoy. I've no idea what was going through his mind, but a look of concentration was spread over his face and he was really fucking me for all he was worth.

There's nothing better than a good, hard fuck in my book and Adam certainly wasn't disappointing me. He knew just what to do as he gyrated his hips and pulled his cock right out, then pushed it back inside me again as deep as he could go. He started to grind his crotch against mine, and that was it – I felt my body shudder and I started to come.

I reached down and rubbed his balls hard, "C'mon, Adam, let me have your spunk," I pleaded. His groaning became louder, then he pulled his cock out of my cunt and an arc of spunk shot all over my stomach. I quickly linked my hands around his bum and then pulled him up my body, so that I could clamp my lips around his cock and suck every last drop from his twitching cock.

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continued on page 10

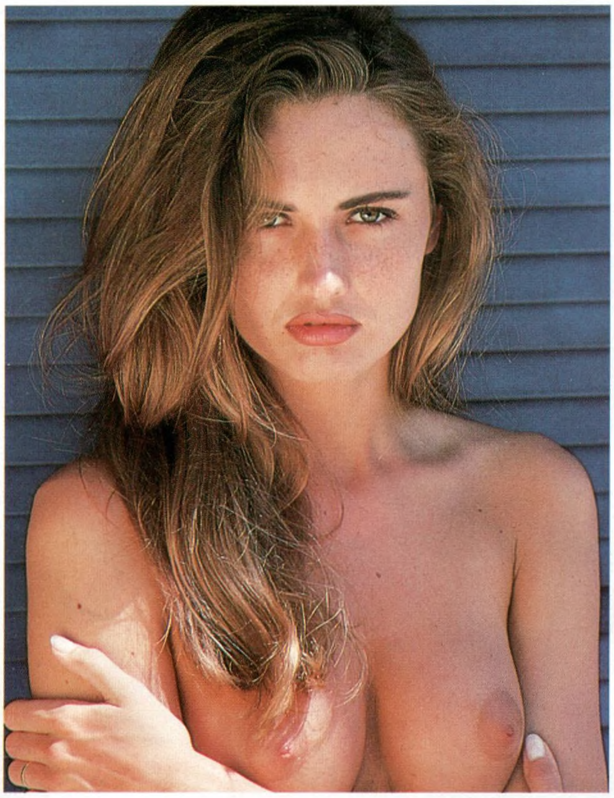
Photographs by Michael Moore

simone

We've brought sexy Simone back onto terra firma for her second appearance in Club, after she left us all at sea a couple if issues ago with her sizzling photographs by the water front.

"I loved posing on the beach," purrs the 20-year-old, "but I was finding sand in the most awkward of places for days afterwards! Now I think I'll stick to more familiar surroundings – the bedroom's always been a favourite of mine, I must say..."

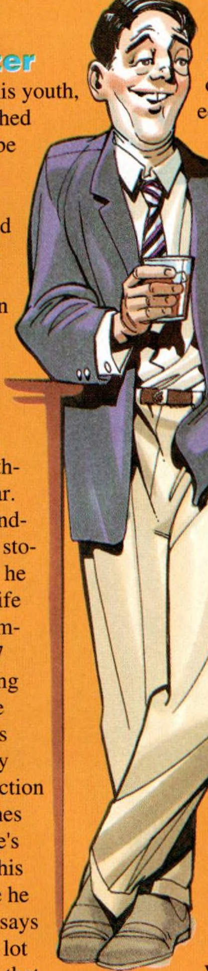
We couldn't agree with you more, Simone! ♣



CLUB INTERNATIONAL

guide to drinkers

Thinking about popping down the local pub? Well think again! Cos, as **Sam Smith** found out, the locals can be just as tasteless as the beer...



The Blazer

A charmer in his youth, this goofy-toothed twat will now be standing with one hand wrapped around a gin and tonic and the other fiddling deep in the pocket of his white flannel trousers as he rocks back and forth laughing at nothing in particular. He will have endless 'amusing' stories about how he and his dear wife spent every summer since 1977 enjoying boating holidays on the Norfolk Broads and he can only ever get an erection when he polishes his caravan. He's been greasing his hair back since he was at school, says 'marvellous' a lot and still thinks that the youth of today could gain an awful lot from regular exercise and sleeping in dorms with lots of other sexually frustrated young boys.

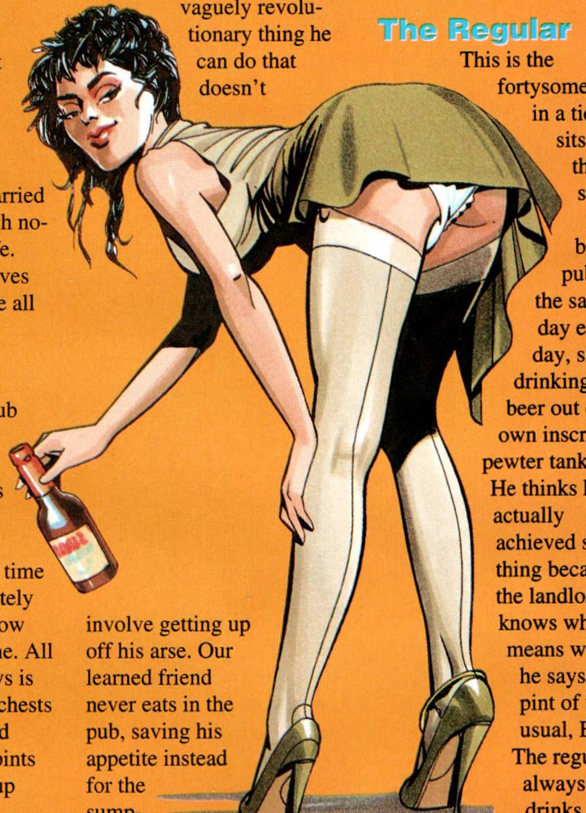
The Old Boy

My favourite. This old boy is completely harmless, but do not – under any circumstances whatsoever – attempt to engage him in conversation. Not only will he cover you in spit, but he'll insist on playing you at dominoes – do not accept.

He'll have soup stains all over his tweed jacket, a mouldy flat cap and take over an hour just to roll one ciggy, then he'll go all misty-eyed when you talk about penny farthings and cholera. Of course, you won't ever understand a single word that he says. What's more, when he laughs you won't have the foggiest what he's found so funny, and halfway through he'll start a coughing fit that sounds like a garden roller being dragged across corrugated iron. His name will be Stan and he'll have been married for sixty years, although no-one's ever seen his wife. Aside from bitter, he lives on tea and he'll out live all of us.

The Barmaid

If you ever do find a pub with a peroxide blonde with huge tits and chandelier earrings who screams with laughter like Barbara Cartland on acid every time you say anything remotely cheeky, then let me know 'cos I've never seen one. All you ever find these days is grumpy girls with flat chests and huge bums in faded black jeans who pour pints so badly that you end up with a glass of froth. They're miserable as sin as well, because they'd much rather be on the back of their boyfriend's moped going to a Take That gig than working in their mum and dad's pub.



The Student

Usually found in corners of pubs in groups of nine or more. The student wears a baggy jumper and drinks real ale or Snakebites in halves and is desperately trying to grow his hair long as it's the only vaguely revolutionary thing he can do that doesn't involve getting up off his arse. Our learned friend never eats in the pub, saving his appetite instead for the sumptuous feast that awaits him back at his place – usually pasta, with, erm, pasta. His girlfriend will be some wide-eyed, fat-arsed would-be hippy with long curly hair and hairy legs, who juggles. Both spend the day not going to lectures and not bothering to vote so that the Government will come crashing down, even though their fathers are probably Government ministers. (Of course, I'm only jealous, you understand!)

The Regular

This is the fortysomething in a tie that sits in the same bloody pub on the same day every day, slowly drinking his beer out of his own inscribed pewter tankard. He thinks he's actually achieved something because the landlord knows what he means when he says 'A pint of the usual, Bob'. The regular always drinks alone (his family and friends having disowned him years ago); he repeats opinions he's heard on the radio or

IN THE BAG

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As I worked my lips up and down his shaft, savouring every drop of his creamy come, Adam moved us into a 69 position and we both lay there pleasuring each other's body. Later we retired to the shower to get cleaned up – or that was the idea! I ended up with Adam's soapy prick between my tits, before he gave me a good shafting in the shower!

Of course, I had to get back to my own place later on in the day to meet Peter, but not before Adam and I arranged another afternoon session for next week. – *Simone, Leicester*

On Your Guard!

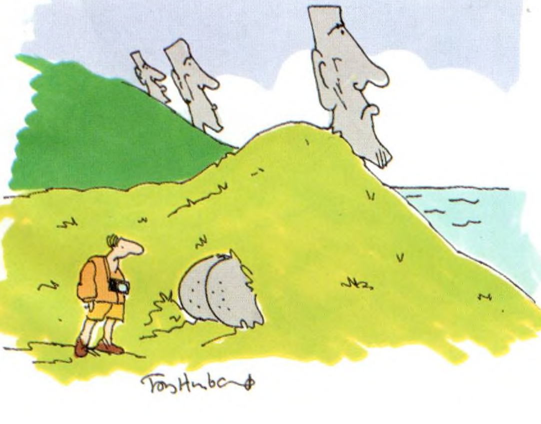
My name's Robert, I'm 22-years-old and I work as a security guard for a large company in London. Most of the time I work at nights, which can get a bit boring – but last Saturday I had a encounter that certainly livened up my shift.

I started at midnight, and my brief was just to keep an eye on the building and make sure that the Chairman's Rolls Royce parked in the grounds was kept safe. I wasn't expecting much excitement, but I was happy that the building was right opposite a nightclub – the distraction of watching loads of gorgeous girls coming and going provided a welcome relief!

At about three in the morning, the club started emptying out and that's when I saw Stacey for the first time. I noticed her for obvious reasons – she was dressed in a black, skintight catsuit with long, dark hair and she had a stunning figure. I could hardly keep my eyes off her as she came out and attempted to hail a taxi – but she wasn't having much luck.

Anyhow, she soon noticed that I was watching and she walked over and introduced herself. "You've been watching me, haven't you?" she purred sexily.

I admitted that I had, but Stacey didn't seem to mind at all. "It's a pity you weren't in the club earlier," she confessed, "I reckon I'd have gone for a fella like you."

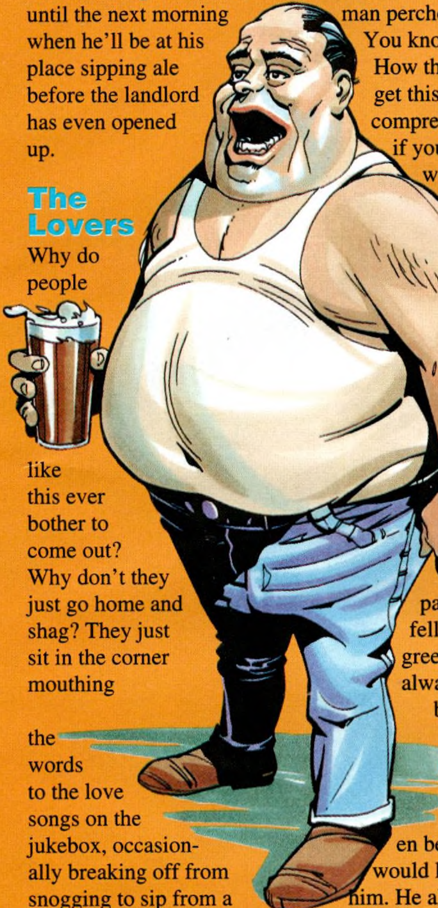


read in the paper, then agrees with anyone who'll buy him a pint. You never see him go to the toilet, ever and he's always the last one to leave the pub and insists on helping the bar staff collect the empty glasses. When he does eventually stagger home, everyone breathes a sigh of relief... until the next morning when he'll be at his place sipping ale before the landlord has even opened up.

The Lovers

Why do people like this ever bother to come out? Why don't they just go home and shag? They just sit in the corner mouthing the words to the love songs on the jukebox, occasionally breaking off from snogging to sip from a shandy or breathe. Of course, whenever the bloke goes to the toilet every other man in the bar eyes up his bird, trying desperately to get her attention and show her what she's missing. The girl never buys drinks 'cos, old Romeo purrs, 'No, no, darling, I insist. I'll get them' and they both sit there cow-eyed until closing time, rubbing their noses together like fucking Eskimos. Sounds nice, doesn't it?

The Fat Bastard



Every single pub in Britain has an unfeasibly fat, greasy man perched at the bar. You know the sort. How they manage to get this big is beyond comprehension. Even if you ate your own weight in Quality Street and washed the lot down with cooking oil every night for ten years, you'd still be slim compared to this fella. These greedy bastards are always going bald, but they still insist on trying to grow their hair long in the mistaken belief that a girl would look twice at him. He always wears filthy jeans and brags about how many birds he's had, how fast he can eat a curry and how many pints he can down in a single sitting. The truth is porky still lives with his mum and hasn't seen his own willy since he was old enough to start drinking. ♣

I'm not the shy sort, but even I was taken aback at how strong she was coming on. And there wasn't a chance I was going to miss an opportunity like this. "Fancy a coffee?" I asked her. "There's a machine in the office."

Stacey accepted my offer and followed me in and sat down. I busied myself with the refreshments, then Stacey patted the chair and asked me to sit down beside her. "I've always liked men in uniforms," she confessed, then I felt a hand on my knee and looked down to see a beautifully manicured hand working its way down my thigh.

"Is there anywhere we can go?" she drawled huskily. "I mean to have you tonight..."

I almost choked on my coffee, then Stacey stood up and looked out of the window. "Mmm, what about the Roller?" she asked. "I don't suppose you've got the keys, have you?"

"Well, err... yes," I spluttered.

"What are we waiting for, then?" said Stacey, leading me out by the hand into the car park.

We got inside the back of the boss's Rolls Royce and shut the door. The windows were darkened, so I knew no-one would be able to see us. Stacey immediately

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STAR SPOT

Don't you just hate Jason Priestley, that clean-cut, shortarse Yank who your girlfriend adores? But wait! What's this? It turns out he's a bit of a lad in real life, as **Joss Ticks** discovered...

Club has it on good authority that you're a bit of a professional on bar crawls, Jason. Is this true?

Definitely.

Describe a typical bar crawl...

It has to start very early on in the day. We're talking eleven o'clock in the morning. You gotta go to every bar and drink a pint. And as the day wears on you gotta drink a pint and a shot chaser. It goes from there... 10 or 12 pubs.

You're from Canada and the Americans don't drink beer by the pint. They are a bunch of nancy boys, are they not?

When I first came to LA I'd go into a bar and say gimme a pint and they'd look at me and go, 'Whaaat?' In Canada we have pubs and you can go in there an order a black and tan – but in LA they don't know what you're talking about.

Have you tried to educate them in LA?

I've tried, God knows I've tried. I haven't had that much joy so far.

When was the last time you went on a good pub crawl?

The last good one was up in Vancouver. Me and a couple of my buddies – we started very early on.

What's a good finishing time?

About midnight – 1am. If you can still walk, you can go over to a club and drink some more.

How many beers do you have before you fall over?

It depends. Some days you can drink a lot and be fun and others – well, you know how it is...

Have you ever indulged in the English tradition of drinking lots of lager and then having a curry?

No. But after drinking I would eat something pretty substantial, like some pasta. Hamburgers are pretty happening too.

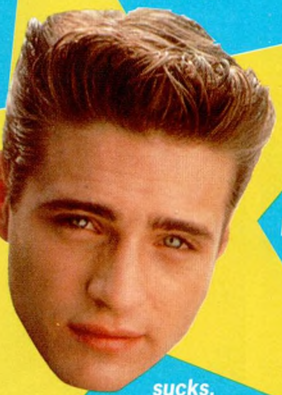
The English licensing laws are crap. Does the idea of having to stop drinking at 11 o'clock horrify you?

Most definitely. Eleven o'clock is just when it starts getting good. When I was over in England the pubs were all closing early – I hated that!

Did you ever go on a pub crawl when you were over here?

Oh yeah...

How did you get on with English beer?



Okay, the American beer adds up to nothing, man. It sucks. It's like Yak urine. If you ever come over I'll bring you a bottle of Budweiser.

Tell me about Luke Perry's (90210 co-star) pet pig...

He has a pet pig and he sleeps with it. I think Luke's having trouble finding a woman.

Pigs don't answer back do they?

Listen, I'm not answering that one. As long as the animal doesn't get hurt, it's alright by me.

In the first ever episode of 90210 you turned down an offer of a shag in a jacuzzi. Are you stupid?

Listen, I don't care if you're sixteen or seventy-six. You're in a hot tub with a girl who looks at you and says, 'Let's take off all our clothes' – you do it, man. Am I wrong?

Do you get approached a lot by women?

Yeah. I was at an autograph signing session once. Some girl came up and handed me a note and it said something on it, like here's my phone number and it said something about licking my love pump and – oh, I don't know – the vein laden beef pipe. Jeez man...

Got any favourite jokes...

Oh, I've got loads...

Here's one: What do you call a prostitute with a runny nose?

... Full! I knew that one! Well there's the standard tasteless ones, like: How can you tell when your sister's on her period? Your brother's dick tastes funny.

Would you ever eat Whitney Houston's underwear?

Sautéed or fried? Raw? Faster than you can believe.

Who else's underwear would you like to eat? Madonna? Cher?

Definitely not Cher! Whitney's good!

Are girls allowed on a man's night out?

No way!

Are you allowed to talk about women?

A little bit. But if any woman gives you shit, you've got to tell her to fuck off! You got to.

How do you get home?

I've walked home many times. It takes a lot of effort when you're drunk. There's a pub called Billy's and it's just down the road and I go there.

Have you ever had a supernatural experience?

Well, my penis grew eight inches last week. It's 19 inches now.

Do you have a philosophy on women?

If someone asks you – do you trust women? My answer is I don't trust anything which bleeds for a week and doesn't die! ♣

WORLD MAP
TODA
LESS

WORLD MAP
TODAY'S
LESSON

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Jack Harrison

Good morning class!

Now settle down at the back there. I'm sorry I'm late but I was riding my bike over the cobblestones in the courtyard and enjoyed it so much I've been going round and round in circles for half an hour!

Now, I know what you lot are thinking. You're thinking here's Miss Lucy, our new saucy supply teacher all ready to teach us Sex Education. Well you're wrong. No, I think today the lesson will be estimatimg how long it takes one woman to take ten pieces of clothing off in front of thousands of men while having multiple orgasms!

Seriously though, what do you think? Would you like to come along to one of my tutorials on teasing tits, or perhaps a class on spanking ass? I reckon I'd have to take a firm hand with half of you and make the rest stay behind writing out "I must not try and peek up teacher's skirt" until their wrists ached!

Right! Class dismissed... and I'll see you all behind the bike sheds!

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

WORLD
TO
LE

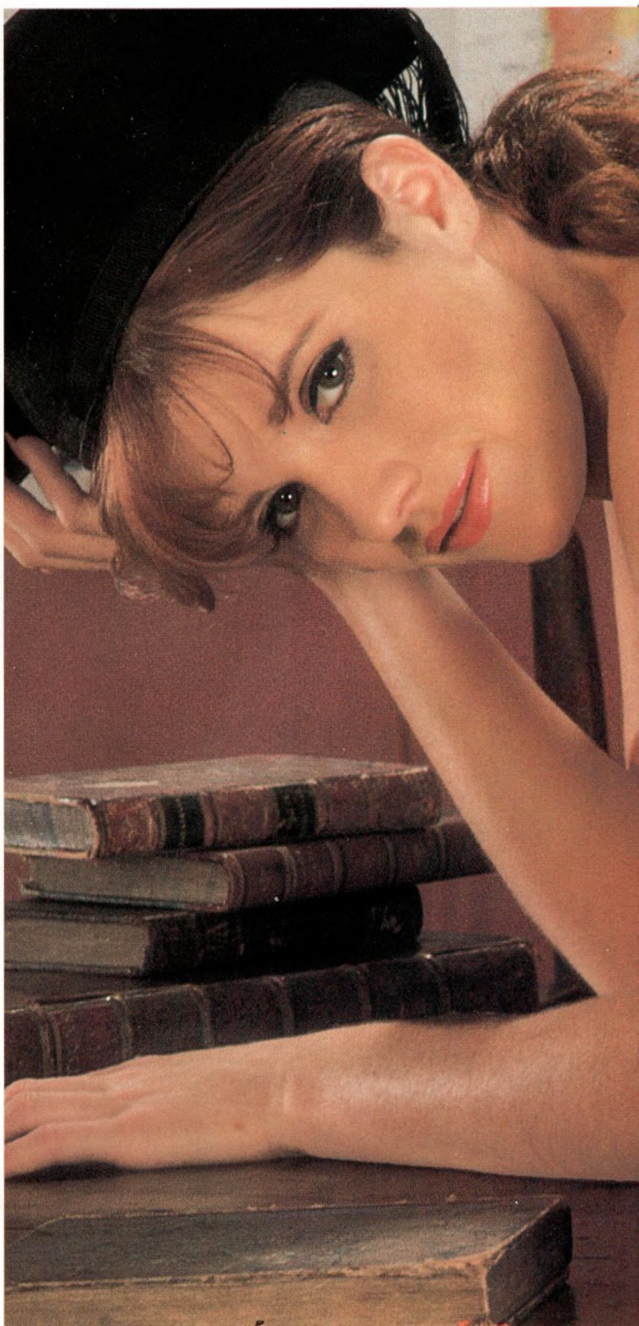
LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
I'm a 25-year-old motorbike mechanic and the boys in the repair shop where I work got me to write this just to say how much of a kick start you gave us with your garage spread last month!

We've got the pictures on the wall of our office together with others of you from previous mags. You're a real Triumph with our customers! It makes a change to see a girl get really greasy so, if you're ever wheeling down our way, why not come and get dirty with the lads at our place? We've got all the tools you need!
Jason, Sidcup.
Dear Jason,
Well, thanks (or should that be tanks) a load for your offer but that grease is not easy to get off. You should have seen the amount of Swarfega I had to rub onto my thighs after that session! It felt pretty nice actually, but I don't want to do it too often. You wouldn't want me to get a rash, would you? But I'll keep you all in mind the next time I straddle the saddle. And if I'm down your way, you never know, I might just pop in for a service!

Dear Lucy,
My wife and I were on holiday this summer and there was a girl on the beach who looked just like you. I was convinced it was you because after following your adventures every month I thought I'd recognise those lovely breasts of yours anywhere.

Anyway, when my wife went off to get a cold drink, I took my chance. Approach-



ing this girl I was scared stiff looking at the glistening sunlight on her oiled-up nipples. It took all my courage to ask her: "Excuse me, aren't you called Lucy?"

She looked at me and smiled. I thought it was you, but stupid me was completely dumbstruck when she replied in French! I guess I'll have to be more careful if I ever go Cor-phew! again.

I wonder, would you do a beach scene one month just for me?

Simon, Sussex.

Dear Simon,

My, you are a bit simple aren't you? Actually I'm quite fond of a bit of French myself and I simply adore sunbathing. But here's a word of advice. The next time you see a girl you think is me, check out her legs. I've got a sexy little pink elephant tattooed on the inside of my right ankle. That way you'll avoid making yourself look like a real beach bum! ♣

MAKE MINE A STIFF ONE

Slip on yer dad's loon pants, quiff your mum's hair and fart. Then tune on, turn in and drop dead with **James T Bone**...

New Order may be taking a well-deserved sabbatical after a frantic twelve months of promoting and touring, but what of their current activities? Singer Barney Sumner has gone back into the studio with Johnny Marr and Kraftwerk to record the new Electronic LP; while Gillian Gilbert and Stephen Morris are composing film scores in the guise of The Other Two. But what about the coolest man to ever pick up a bass guitar; the leather-clad God of Rock, **Peter Hook**?

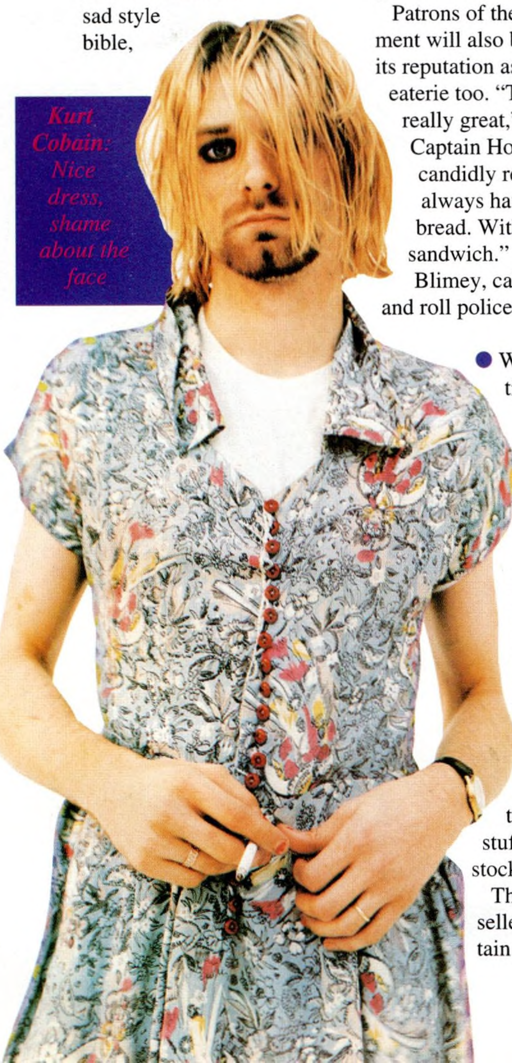
Well, far away from the prying eyes of *Melody Maker* and *NME*, a glossy two-page advertising for Calvados appeared in last month's edition of sad style bible, Esquire; and showed Hooky relaxing over a glass of the apple liqueur in Manchester's Dry Bar.

Dressed in what appears to be C&A's Autumn collection, our Peter perches happily at the bar extolling the virtues of not only Calvados ("It's rich and oaky – fresh and different"), but also the salubrious drinking hole that he owns. "It's a totally unique place," says Peter. "The atmosphere is what makes a place tick and it appeals to a younger crowd. Dry is so relaxed that anybody could feel happy here. Anything goes." Obviously.

Patrons of the establishment will also be aware of its reputation as a first-class eaterie too. "The chef is really great," says Captain Hook, before candidly revealing. "I always have garlic bread. With a steak sandwich."

Blimey, call the rock and roll police.

Fallen idol: Debbie Harry goes down


Kurt Cobain: Nice dress, shame about the face

- With the festive season just around the corner, record companies are inevitably gearing themselves up for a mammoth assault on our pockets with the usual glut of compilation LPs to stuff in our stockings.

The biggest sellers look certain to be a monster fifty-track album from The Police & Sting and a retrospective greatest hits LP from Michael Jackson; but my money's on a triple set of long players from the Minneapolis midget, **Prince**.

The Hits Volumes 1, 2 & 3 occupied three of the top ten places on the album charts on its release last month – something not even the Beatles achieved. 1993 saw the Purple One announcing his retirement from the recording business and this compilation stands as a fitting swansong that both Wacko Jacko and Sting would boil their heads for.

Rock pig Peter Hook: How low can you go?

- Of course, with Christmas also comes the pantomime season and if the new **Nirvana** and **Lemonheads** fail to deliver the goods, then maybe their respective singers, Kurt Cobain and Evan Dando could consider threading the boards themselves.

Both men appear to have been making desperate efforts to get in touch with their feminine sides recently. Cobain appeared on the front cover of *The Face* wearing a blue flowery dress; while Dando went a step further, taking the stage at the Reading festival this year in suspenders, pigtails and a tight-fitting smock.

With Cliff Richard as Mother Goosed, Michael Jackson as A-Lad-In and Betty Boo as Pussy In Boots, these two wallies would make the ideal Ugly Sisters...

- Is **James Brown** a living legend? The residents of Steamboat Springs, Colorado seem to think so. They've just renamed a local bridge *The James Brown Soul Centre Of The Universe Bridge* in honour of the Godfather of Funk.

- Now, I've always thought that the Yanks' taste in

SENSELESS THINGS

It's bonfire time! But why waste your time with bangers when you could just as easily...

1 **Chuck the fireworks away, light the box, slowly walk away backwards, then throw yourself on the ground grabbing your shin and appealing for a penalty**

2 **Smear some Ordnance Survey maps over a bag of sparklers while wailing in a high voice, then staple them to your loved one in an attempt to thicken her sticky gravy**

3 **Hide a catherine wheel in a halibut then wait for it to jump in Spanish from one watering can to another** ♣

FIRE
MATC
PETROL
MEGA THRUST
BIG BAN

music leaves something to be desired – a fact confirmed by the success **Duran Duran** have enjoyed on the other side of the Atlantic over the last few months. Their last LP *The Wedding Album* may have barely scraped into the charts over here, but Stateside it's shifted over three million copies. But there's worse to come...

Evan Dando: Here's to you Mrs Robinson

Last month the Americans awarded the band the ultimate accolade, namely a star on Hollywood's Walk Of Fame. Even worse than that though, they had the bad taste to plant it alongside the one The Beatles were given twenty years before – news that would no doubt have John Lennon doing cartwheels over at Strawberry Fields. Christ, come back Yoko, all is forgiven...

- Former Blondie singer, **Debbie Harry**, made a bungee jump whilst on tour in New Zealand recently. But throwing caution – and her clothes – to the wind, the Sunday Girl made the giant leap without a stitch of clothing on! Sadly, our friends down under didn't have the foresight to record the moment for posterity.

- Finally, have **Metallica** got the girliest fans in the world of heavy metal? Posters advertising their forthcoming gig at Milton Keynes – resplendent with skull and cross bones – were banned by Birmingham Council because they gave some soft Brummie bastard sleepless nights. Boo-fuckin'-hoo... ♣

tina

Photographs by Harry Linden

"Fellas tend to say that I'm a bit of a handful," giggles 21-year-old new-girl Tina. "I'm never quite sure what to make of that!"

Well, let's see if we can help you... do you like to go out partying 'till all hours? Oh, no," purrs the blonde stunner. "I'm a real home bird!"

Do you shout and swear in the pub and drink one too many Diamond Whites, perhaps? "Of course not. I'm teetotal 'cos I like to keep a clear head..."

Okay, do you insist that your

man has your dinner on the table the minute you get home from a long day at the office, then? "Don't be silly. I like a real man, not a wimp!"

Well, in that case there can only be one reason why people think you're a bit of a handful — because no-one can keep their mitts off your magnificent mammalian protuberances! "Er, pardon?" Your gorgeous boobs, my dear; your delightful titties, ferchrissakes...

"Oooh," giggles an embarrassed Tina. "I never thought of that!"

Pure as the driven snow, our Tina! ♣

THE COCK REPORT!

Dogwatcher **Lynne Foldingbed** takes a variety of common household items and shoves them up her fanny...

You're lying in bed. She leans over and whispers in your ear, "Darling, why don't we try something a bit different tonight?" Seeing as you've already tied each other face down on the table and beaten each other's bottoms with ornamental koi carp, what on earth can your missus mean?

She's talking about sex aids. Buzzy things with complicated instructions and dodgy switches, supplied without batteries and smelling of cheap plastic. But if she springs this on you after closing time at the local Anne Summers, what are you to do? Improvise! You've got loads of buzzy things with dodgy switches just sitting around the house.

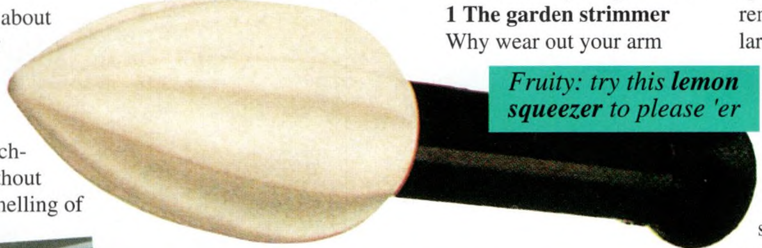
To get you started we've come up with this helpful and sensible list of common household items that are guaranteed to drive your girl wild.

1 The garden strimmer Why wear out your arm muscles with strenuous spanking sessions? Simply remove the guard and tie a large flat leather strap to the wire line on your garden strimmer. Start the strap spinning, apply to buttocks and hey presto — effort-free flagellation for him'n'her! (Note that since strength is no longer an issue this method of corporal punishment is now considered more ideologically correct to boot.)

2 Citrus Fruit Squeezer No-one will call your missus a lemon if she straddles this luscious implement, holding it firmly by the handle and extracting the juice from that most tasty of fruits. Though we don't really recommend you drink them for breakfast.

3 The bannisters Ok, they don't buzz and they're not plastic, but the old-fashioned ones with a central ridge are perfectly designed for high-speed pussy pleasing. Cover in KY and slide down repeatedly until orgasmic or exhausted. Better still, instal an escalator with a moving handrail!

4 Lipstick Or is it? Well no, it's actually a



Fruity: try this ***lemon squeezer*** *to please 'er*

Help out with a ***Ladies Secret*** *vibrator*

CELEBRITY MAKE-OVER

How to look like your favourite star...

No 1: Barbara Cartland

Girls, yes, you too can be just like the queen of romantic fiction, and have thousands of eligible suitors knocking at your door, or be do-lally enough to believe that they are...

Method

1) Get rid of that hideous peaches and cream complexion by applying an even coat of Artex over the entire face.
2) Remove subtle eye make-up and emphasise them instead with black eye shadow applied erratically with a Payless DIY paint roller.
3) Paint lips pillar box red, then cut off that unsightly long blonde hair and replace with white wire wool wig. Slot in sparkling paste tiara.
4) Wear clothes made entirely out of fluffy dead animals (preferably endangered species).
5) Carry a Pekinese as a matching fashion accessory to bite the fingers of servants. Call it Foo-Foo or something horrible like that.
6) Stay in bed for several years until old and decrepit, largely immobile and totally out of touch with the real world. Then you too could be mistaken for top novelist

WIFE OF THE MONTH

Mrs Jim Davidson

Conclusive proof that behind every great man there's a great woman — with a great pair of knockers...

Comedian Jim Davidson may have them all rolling around in the aisles with his wisecracks, but we reckon there's nothing funny about his missus! No wonder he's always walking around with a grin on his puss. Lucky sod.

If you fancy a celebrity's wife, then why not nominate her for Club International's Wife of the Month slot? It could help her come to terms with the fact that she's a kept woman and has nothing better to do than spend her husband's cash. ♣

Dear Cheryl,

My jaw dropped to my knees when I saw you in Club (Vol 22 No 10); your large tanned breasts looked deliciously appetising and your bum is so trim and perfect. I work as a fitness instructor and I can just imagine giving you some personal tuition...

You'd be dressed in a tight-fitting leotard that shows off your fabulous curves to perfection and I'm totally distracted by the sight of your breasts bursting right out in front of me. "This costume is putting you off, isn't it?" you purr sexily. "Maybe I should take it off... what do you think, Phil?" I nod my head frantically, then you lead me by the hand through to the showers. You quickly strip off your leotard and turn on the shower, directing the jets of warm water over your erect nipples and slipping a slim finger deep inside your tight cunt. You groan loudly as you work it around, bringing yourself to an intense and satisfying climax.

It's too much for me now, and I quickly strip off and join you in the shower. Easing apart your legs, I guide my cock inside you and I can feel your cunt gripping me tight as I start fucking you. I can soon feel myself coming and I speed up the pace until I shoot my load deep inside you. Now, that's my idea of keeping fit! – *Phil, West Sussex*

I've never been one for lifting weights or anything like that, Phil – I get all the exercise I need between the sheets. Your naughty fantasy soon had me reaching between my legs and giving myself a whole work-out of a different kind, if you know what I mean! – Cheryl ♣

Barbara Cartland! It's as simply as that, girls!

And remember – for a free factsheet, write to any company that's offering one. ♣

Polyfilla
TRADE

cunningly disguised cunny cultivator of a vibrator. Put it to her lips and she'll be well made up!

5 Bicycle light This futuristic design might be a funny shape, but I reckon it would drive any girl round the bend!

Light her fire with this ***bicycle lamp***

6 Cork screw (with cork attached!). You need those fancy metal kind with the retracting arms they all have at student parties.

Better still, try something really different and use your cock. She won't know what's hit her!♣

Vibrator: better than a ***garden strimmer?***

stephanie

Photographs by Michael Moore

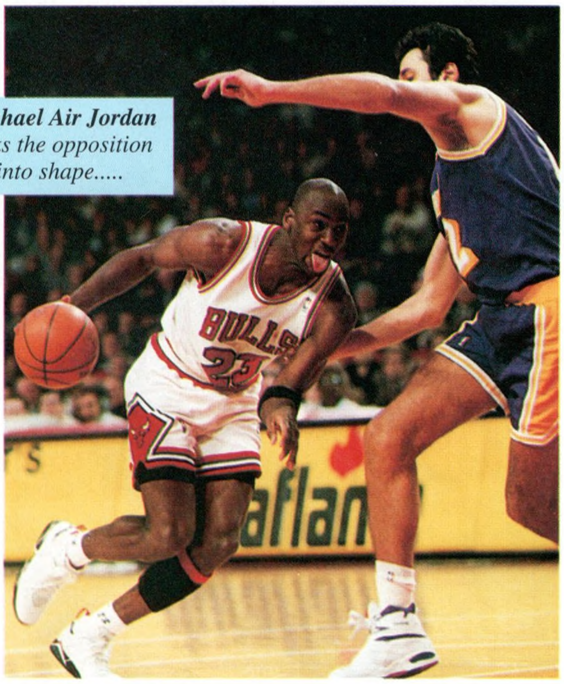
"He was a real fly-by-night," sighs the gorgeous Stephanie when we enquire after her pilot boyfriend, whom the delicious 19-year-old spoke of when last we met. "He took off with some French floosie, so now my

body is looking for someone new to take care of it." Well, there will be no shortage of offers — although it looks to us like you've taken pretty good care of it yourself, Stephanie! ♣

BRING ON THE SUBS

Maurice Short gets to grips with Sumo wrestlers and a bent Pole — and still comes up smelling of Jimmy Hill...

The words 'poverty-stricken' and 'Italian football' usually turn up in the same sentence about as often as 'horny-looking' and 'Jo Brand'. In the past Italian managers such as Milan's Fabio Capello and Giovanni Trappatoni of Juventus threw cash around in a manner that made Ron Atkinson look like a Rangers fan at a Catholic boys club jumble-sale. That was until last summer. During the run up to the start of the current Serie A season the giants of the Italian League have been keen to tell the world about the hard times they have fallen on.



Michael Air Jordan licks the opposition into shape.....

It seems that a combination of the Tangentopoli corruption scandal and worldwide recession have left the Club's bosses short in the pocket department.

Before you reach for the Kleenex though, it's worth remembering that poverty is relative. The big boys of Serie A may think they're suffering, but Champions Milan still invested over £13 million in new players during the summer (to add to the £36 million they spent last year), Inter forked out over £10 million to Ajax for Dennis Bergkamp and Wim Jonk, and Sampdoria spent £5 million each on David Platt and Ruud Gullit.

By their own standards they may be poor – Hartlepool United they certainly ain't.

● I am saddened to report that the dreaded Curse of Short has struck once again. A few months ago I commented that basketball star Michael Jordan had a public image so clean and bright you had to wear welding goggles to look at it. Within minutes of Club hitting the news-stands it emerged that photocopies of $108,000 worth of Jordan's cheques had been found on the body of a murdered bail bondsman, and that the star had once lost over $60,000 during a golf game with a Mafia money-launderer. All I can say is, I'm sorry.

Strike it rich: ***David Platt****, the £17million man*

● Whatever trouble there might have been in Italy pales into insignificance beside those afflicting soccer in Poland. The international team warmed up for their crucial World Cup qualifier with England in September with a summer that was even more confusing than Graham Taylor's selection policy. On the final day of the Polish League season Legia Warsaw and LKS Lodz were level on points with Legia topping the table thanks to a slightly superior goal difference. It seemed that the Championship was destined to be settled by this method. And indeed it was, with Lodz managing a 7-1 home win, yet still missing out to Legia who snatched the title following a 6-0 away victory. Strangely convenient, you might think, that two sides desperate for goals should pile up 13 between them. And you'd be right to be suspicious, because an investigation by the Polish football authorities (PZPN) discovered that both matches were fixed.

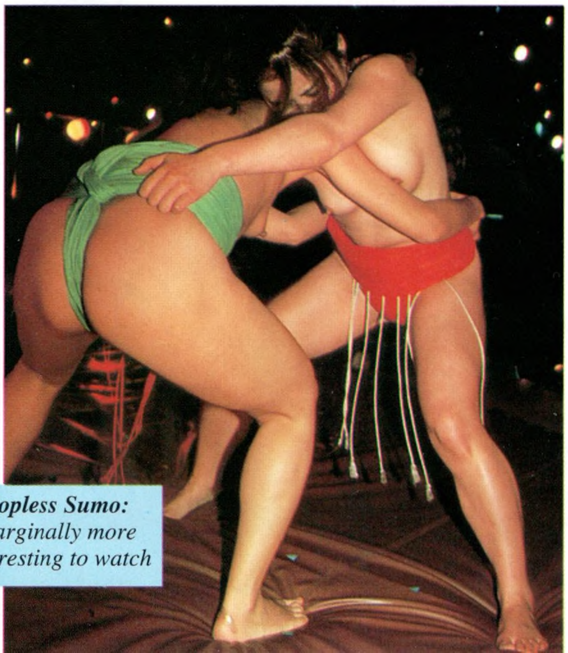
Bizarrely, the PZPN decided not to strip Legia of the title. Not, that is, until another scandal emerged involving a Legia player and a failed random drugs test following a League match early in the season. Whilst bribery and corruption didn't seem to concern the PZPN much, the use of drugs horrified them. As a consequence the result of the game, which Legia had won 2-0, was overturned and the points for the win awarded to their opponents that day, who were... LKS Lodz. The addition and deduction of points now meant that Lodz were top of the table. So they were champions, right? It would appear not, since the PZPN then notified UEFA that Poland's entrant for the European Championship Cup this season would be Lech Poznan – who had finished third. Polish fans were so confused by this carry-on that one of them threw a fire-bomb into the PZPN's headquarters. And you've got to admit, he had a point.

● My derogatory comments about Sumo wrestling were, apparently, unfair. Fans of the Nipponese fat-boys inform me that Sumo is 'more than just a sport. It is also an integral part of the Japanese religion of Shinto, in which the wrestlers play an important role'.

Evidently, though you may think you are watching two gigantic babies in trendy matt-black pampers doing a synchronised belly-slap, what you are actually seeing is Japan's equivalent of a punch-up between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dame Thora Hird.

My correspondents are also keen to scotch the rumour that Sumo wrestlers can retract their testicles up into their abdomens. Apparently this myth was started by Ian Fleming in one of his James Bond novels. Whilst I have no wish to argue on this point, I would like to point out that, according to research carried out at Utah University, the eating of high-fat foods can reduce the production of testosterone by up to 30%. So perhaps retraction isn't strictly necessary.

Sumo*'s answer to Thora Hird builds up to a big one*



Topless Sumo: *marginally more interesting to watch*

While the aforementioned shenanigans were going on in Poland, in South America the Latinos were training for their round of World Cup Qualifiers with their own entertaining bout of trouble-making. Whilst some excitement was provided by the news that Colombia's goalkeeper Rene Higuita – a man whose long black curls and pouting manner suggest that in his spare time he may well be the lead singer in a transvestite version of En Vogue – has been arrested in connection with a kidnapping. Higuita was the man who enlivened Italia 90 with his feeble attempt to dribble the ball past Cameroon's Roger Milla. An effort that ended with the Colombian lying flat on his face, while the agile African did a lambada with the corner flag. Rene's activities were soon displaced at the top of the South American scandal sheet by the antics of one Wenceslao Aguillera, a paramedic with the Chilean team Iberia. Wenceslao is helping police with their enquiries after it was discovered that his teams vitamin pills had been replaced with tranquillisers prior to their promotion decider against Mulchen. Iberia lost 3-0 giving a display their coach later described as 'strangely apathetic and lacking in co-ordination'. Fans of Sheffield Wednesday will know how he felt.

***Rene Higuita**: is he a kidnapping transvestite?*

And finally... David Platt's recent £5.2 million move to Sampdoria took spending on the player to £17.4 million, making him the most expensive player in football history. Platt was once given a free transfer by Manchester United. Which shows that they're very generous at Old Trafford. Or incredibly stupid. ♣

KIM

Photographs by Harry Linden

Kim was very excited about doing her very first shoot for Club; the 19-year-old photographic assistant is usually on the other side of the camera. "I've helped out on hundreds of shoots," says Kim excitedly, "but it's always been fashion stuff. Certainly never anything as rude

as this.

"I couldn't believe how aroused I felt imagining all you fellas getting turned on, your cocks stiffening as you watch me slowly peel off my sticky panties, and dip a slim finger into my honeypot... Now that's what I call watching the birdie!"♣

quiz

ARE YOU FAMOUS?

Try your hand at our cunning quizzle to find out if you are just a Dave from Dagenham — or really Michelle Pfeiffer!

1) How do you like to relax?
a) With a nice mug of tea and a Woodbine while saying things like "Well, I would've done it sooner but it's all in the preparation, innit?".
b) By walking down the road in an orderly manner and a straight line, sir.
c) By sitting on a sun lounger next to a swimming pool while tossing Spielberg scripts into the water and licking champagne off two naked air hostesses.

2) Do you 'do' a lot of chat shows?
a) Nah, mate, but I do like to stand with my hands on my hips going, "Tut-tut-tut. Oh dear, oh dear, that wall will have to come out for starters, chief".
b) No, sir, but I have been present at a number of press conferences where it quickly became apparent that I know nothing of any importance, whatsoever.
c) Sure. I sit there dressed in vastly expensive suits, winking at the ladies in the audience and revealing intimate details about my private life.

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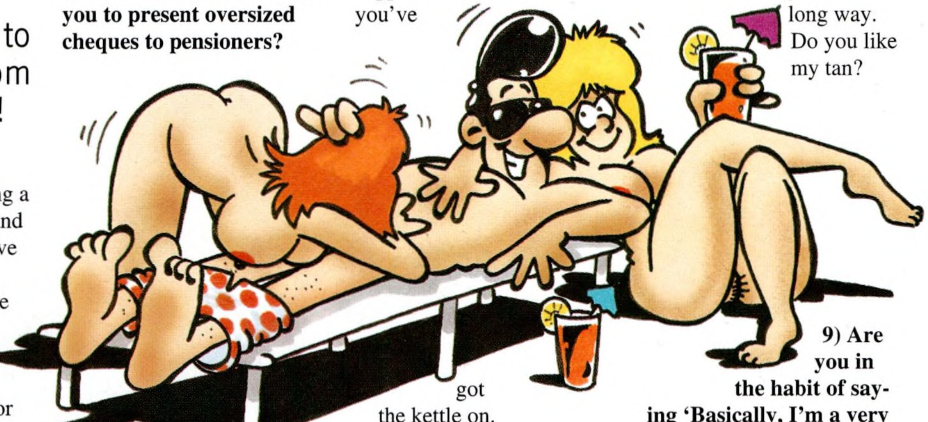
£1,000,000
PAY MRS. J. GRABBIT
ONE MILLION POUNDS ONLY

3) Do people ever run after you in the street?
a) Only if I was ever doing a job round at their house and I scoffed all their Digestive biscuits.
b) Ha-ha-ha. No, sir, more likely I run after them waving my truncheon and shouting in a loud and commanding voice for them to stop.
c) If they can keep up with the Rolls Royce, maybe.

4) Have you ever recorded an awful album full of crappy love songs, usually released in time for Christmas?
a) Nah, squire. Looks like you've had some right cowboys in here though. That'll come off in your hand, that will if you're not careful.
b) Again no, sir; although down at the station we do have a light operatic society that stages concerts for the elderly at Christmas. Why do you ask?
c) Hey, I believe in love and joy for every one at Christmas, okay? Just so happens I like to make a few bucks out of it too. For charidee, of course.

5) Have you been married more than a dozen times, six of them dim blondes half your age?
a) Nah, mate. You wanna do something about that guttering though, guv. Got some in the van, as it happens.
b) I have been happily married to the same woman for 30 years. May I ask if you've got a license to ask these questions, son?
c) Listen, I love women, all women... maybe a little too much! Ha-ha-ha. But seriously, my latest wife Candy is gonna be with me for keeps, believe me! Or, err, is it Mandy?

6) Do Littlewoods ever ask you to present oversized cheques to pensioners?



a) Nah, mate. You've got damp, you have. Lean against that and you'd drown. I'll be round Tuesday.
b) No, sir, we don't accept bribes or offer gifts to or from members of the public and I must repeat my earlier question to you regarding your license.
c) Yes, and I open supermarkets too. I love my public, I sincerely do and meeting me is a great honour for them. Am I getting paid for answering these questions?

7) Do you have a well-publicised drink problem that you don't like to talk about, even though you do?
a) Nah, luv, but I'd love a cuppa if you've got the kettle on.
b) Right! That's it... step out of the car, sir.
c) I don't like to talk about that part of my life, no... but it all began way back in 1972 when I divorced Sandy and we were in Colorado at the time when I felt desperately lonely. Yes, alone for the first time, I did love her but she didn't understand the creative urge deep inside me and she couldn't let me express myself. Probably.

8) Do you play golf with Brucie and Tarby?
a) Nah, mate. Alright, call it a pony for cash. Got a light?
b) I'm warning you, sir! Any more of this lip and it'll be the station for you, my lad. I'll bang you up.
c) Sure. And Connery and Lloyd Webber. Great guys, we have a lot of laughs, we go back a long way. Do you like my tan?

9) Are you in the habit of saying 'Basically, I'm a very shy person' a lot?
a) Nah, but I've got a while Transit that's rusted to fuck if that's any help.
b) Alpha-Barbecue-Timmy-Mallet requiring assistance. Am in pursuit of absurd line of questioning... oi! Come here, son, don't you try any funny business with me. Oh no, you're messing with the big boys now, you are. What's all this then? Who's been a naughty boy, if only

THE JOB CLUB

In the first and maybe the last of an occasional series, we endeavour to find a future for Britain's biggest losers...

Seventies television was populated by some sad bastards. There were the kids from *Tomorrow People* playing spacemen in a formica kitchen. There was Bet Lynch's hubbie Alec in *Pardon My Genie* as a man with the name of Mr Cobbledick. But worst of all, there was *Rainbow*.

Whatever the inventor of the show was taking at the time makes E look like Anadin. A poofy pink hippo lives with an alien who has a zip for a mouth, and a giant bear. His other friends were an old man with a fringe and three pensioners in dungarees.

Since the demise of their show, most of them have found work. Rod, Jane and Freddy are singing to people in a hospice in Bexhill, Zippy is now the fastening for a perverted pair of underpants and the hippo has been melted down for pink glue. And Geoffrey is living off the royalties from *Oooh Geoffrey!*, the story of his bizarre sexual relationship with these misfits. But not Bungle...

After spotting him selling copies of *The Big Issue*, we invited him to the Job Club to find a more suitable post. The first was a Lollipop Man. His hairy body and habit of not wearing clothes when talking to children make him very similar to the previous employee, currently doing 15 years in Broadmoor. He is used to getting up early and looking like a prat, and what's more, if he does get run over, nobody would really care. Unfortunately he's not half-blind, deaf or disabled so that counts him out, I'm afraid.

So what else is there for a well-meaning half-wit who is illiterate and has trouble counting past ten? There is only one. Move over, John Major, Bungle is the ideal Prime Minister! *(What an obvious punchline – The Ed)* ♣

your poor old mother could see you now... ner-ner-ner-ner. You're nicked, my son.
c) Well, I don't know. Gee, I guess I man, aw shucks, yeah, I guess I am shy. That's why I go on chat shows and talk about my divorce in front of around ten million people.

10) Have you ever won an Oscar?
a) Nah, mate, but I do wear old blue dungarees and a checked cap and stare at birds when I'm up the ladder fixing the roof.
b) Oh dear. You appear to have fallen down some stairs, sir.
c) About 200, but they really belong to the little people that have helped me along the way, and if I could finish with a little song that means an awful lot to me...

Well, how did you do, folks? If you haven't been swamped by adoring fans yet, check your answers below and see how much of a big nob you really are...

Mostly As: No, you are not famous, but you are a painter and decorator. You are probably 50 years old, with a fat arse and have no idea about anything unless you can paint it, bang a nail into it or charge someone the earth for looking at it. You have four horrible kids all called Shane or Kylie, you're wife is even fatter than you are and your idea of honesty is only charging 48 percent VAT on your bills. And could you pop around later as I've got this great, big, hairy spider in my bath...

Mostly Bs: Again not famous, but you are a policeman. We're not saying anything else without our solicitor present.

Mostly Cs: Well, take a bow! You're famous alright. Everyone knows you, but you know bugger all unless you're reading it from a script. You're hair is sewn on, your teeth are capped and you've had so many facelifts your balls are just below your chin. You have also spent more money on women than most of us earn in a lifetime and you're planning a comeback as you're completely skint due to your divorce settlement and your alcohol and cocaine dependency and the cost of maintaining your LA condo with a kidney-shaped swimming pool... and erm, I would gladly swap places with you any day of the week. ♣

PROBE

The caring sharing 90s are a bit fucking boring, right? So let's hear a big Hoorah for the return of the Yuppie!

Remember what is was like a few years ago? All those floppy-haired blond boys dashing from wine bar to wine bar in cars that we could never afford – only to get them towed away and as we stood there laughing they'd casually call up their mates on mobile phones and another car would be helicoptered in before their sushi went cold...? Well, since those days of Filofaxes and Ferraris, hardly a wine bar in the land rocks to the sounds of Sade while champagne corks erupted like a fire in a popcorn factory.

But fret no more. The Yuppie is back, but now he is wiser than before. Once again street corners are filled with braces of wide boys determined not to lose their entire fortunes like they did before. So here we show you not only how to recognise one, but how to get in there as well!

Clobber

Always in suits, preferably navy-blue and wildly expensive, the Yup will have about 300 and never wear any of them twice. Look out for 'crazy' socks and silk ties with naked women on them, as well as suede waistcoats.

Shagging

This one hasn't changed much. The modern yuppie still gets his leg over just as much, but he won't be going out to quite so many restaurants, ordering twice his own weight in champagne only to bring it all up over the soft top of his Merc. Oh no. Nowadays he'll do 'zany' things with his lady friend like eating fish and chips in the park with a bottle of wine or ordering a pizza and watching football together on a Saturday afternoon.

Graft

Same as ever. They all work in foreign exchange in the City dealing in billions with six phones clustered around their necks as they scream "For fuck's sake, Joss! The yen's gone through the roof, Rio are selling guilts, Geneva need an answer like yesterday and I want two front-row tickets for Eric Clapton's Albert Hall gig! Savvy, mon amigo!!!"

Blowers

Yuppies all having mobile phones years ago is what's stopping all of us going out and getting one today. In other words, you don't want to look like them, do you? Nuff said, eh?

Yuppies: A phraseology

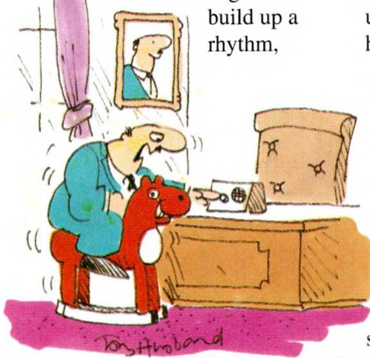
Mad dog: Compliment. All your chums have to be barmy and madcap, so any term of insanity is a nice one. Other smashers are Crazy Horse, Wild Man and Silly Fucker.
Negative equity: Losing your bird to a mate, but ending up with his.
Mobile: Still capable of walking after lunch.
Champers: Where you get your hair done.
Hampers: Where you went to school.
Pampers: Your favourite wine bar.
Wankers: Your private club. ♣

IN THE BAG

continued from page 11

reclined across the seats and peeled down the top of her catsuit to reveal her gorgeous boobs. My mouth moved to meet them and I sucked hard on her erect nipples, playfully nibbling and chewing on her swollen buds. "That's it... harder," she panted, pushing her tits together so that I could lick and suck both of her nipples at once.

I started to kiss my way down over her stomach, then Stacey arched her bum off the seat so that I could pull her catsuit off over her ankles. She had no knickers on and I quickly darted between her legs and opened up her legs. Her pussy lips were wet and glistening, and I slowly ran my tongue along her slit. "Oooh, perfect..." moaned Stacey, as I began to build up a rhythm, pushing my tongue deep inside her and bringing her to orgasm.



"Not now Miss Drake, I'm thinking!"

Then Stacey pulled me up from between her legs and told me to sit down on the back seat myself. She quickly pulled my trousers and undies off, then she sat herself on my dick and began to grind down hard on me. "Fuck me, Robert," she panted, throwing her head around from side-to-side. "Nice and hard..."

I started thrusting upwards, holding onto her hips for support as I did so. Stacey's screams of delight filled the car as I quickened the pace, reaching up at the same time and tweaking and pulling on her hard nipples until I felt her shaking.

"Oooh, that's it – I'm coming," she shouted, throwing her head from side-to-side as an orgasm pulsed through her.

Stacey then pulled herself off me and reached into the mini-bar and told me to shut my eyes. The next thing I heard was a cork popping, then I opened my eyes to see Stacey with a look of glee on her face as she poured cold champagne over my dick. "This drink's on you!" she squealed excitedly as she started to lick my tingling cock.

I was in heaven as she ran her sticky tongue along the underside of my shaft, then I felt my balls tingle and I shot my load. Stacey directed my spunk all over her tits and took great glee in rubbing the sticky stuff into her skin, before adding champagne then scooping up fingerfuls of the white mess and greedily licking it off!

Afterwards both of us quickly cleaned up the back of the car, then continued

continued on page 98

Photographs by Harry Linden

sarah

Sexy Sarah's not the sort of girl to let just anyone *into her bedroom, but the 21-year-old from* Brighton *made an exception for the readers of* Club. *"I want you all to see where I spend most of my time," reveals the blonde bombshell with the impossibly*

long legs. "I've been known to disappear into the bedroom for days at a time. It's a wonder that my flatmates don't send out a search party sometimes!"

Really, sounds very *interesting...*

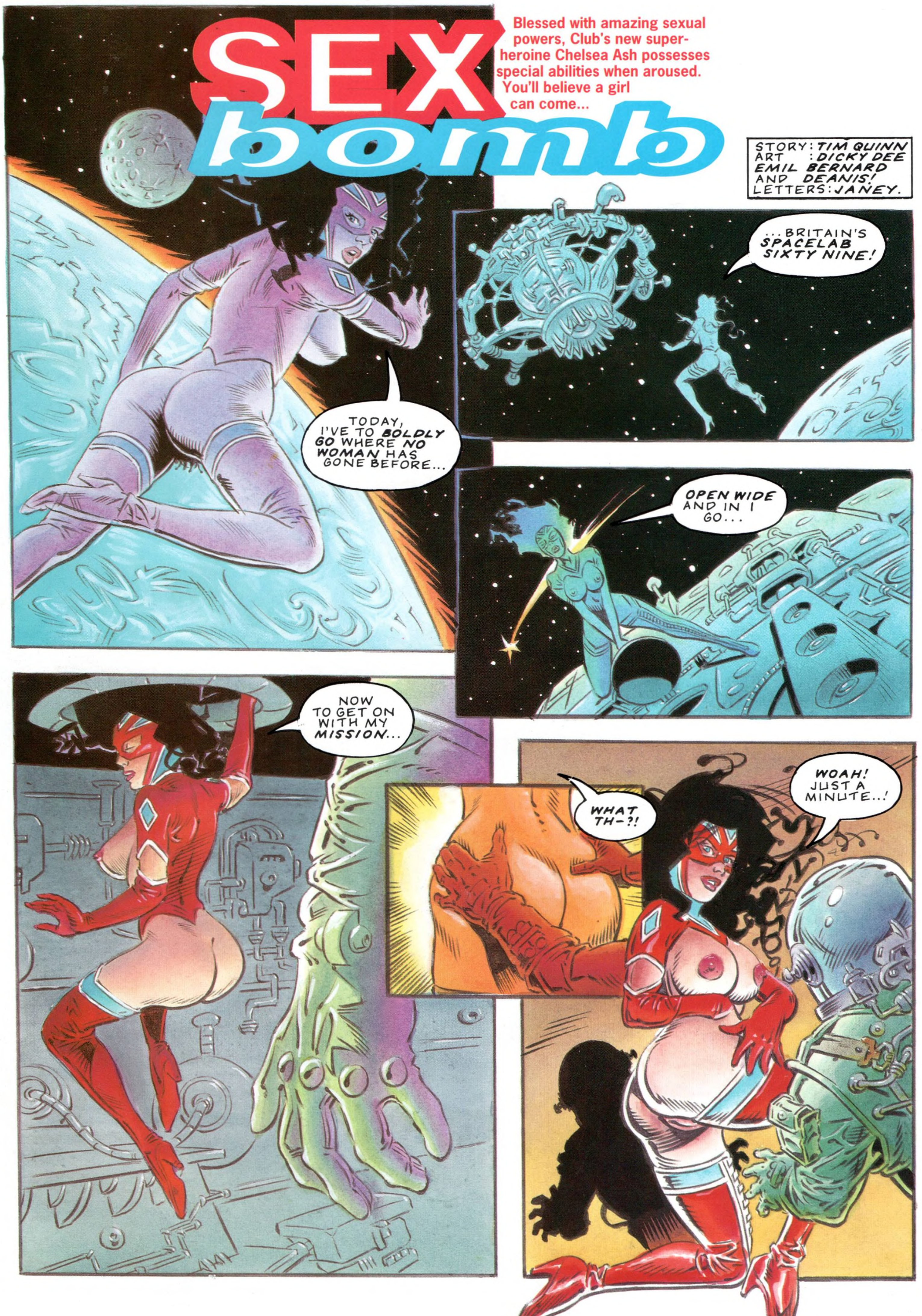
"Well, put it this way; if a fella is lucky enough to get an invite here, he'd better come prepared... I like to put a man through his paces, so food and drink for a few days, a change of clothes and a full-colour copy of the Kama Sutra are obligatory!" ♣

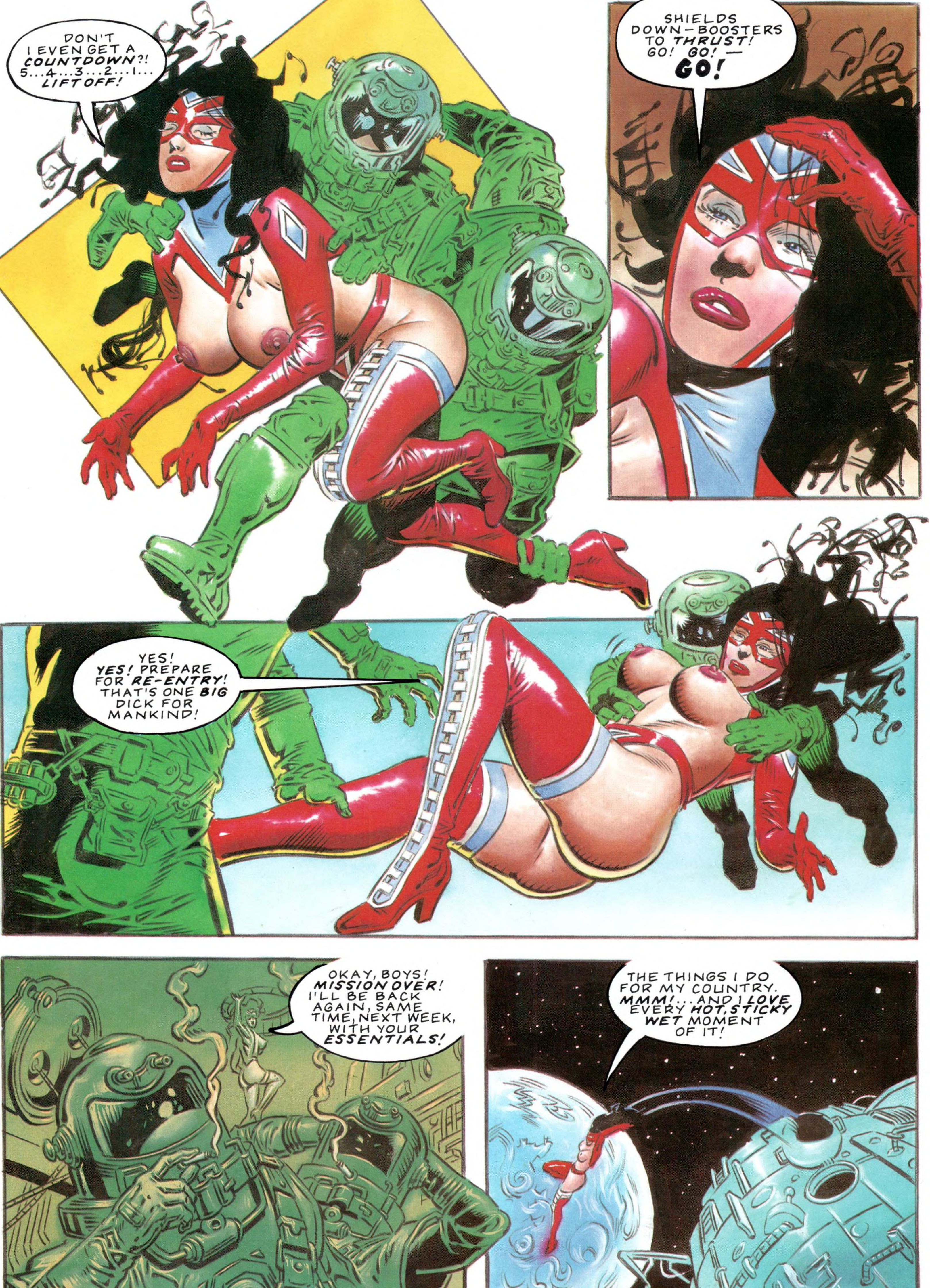
club
sarah

SEX bomb

Blessed with amazing sexual powers, Club's new super-heroine Chelsea Ash possesses special abilities when aroused. You'll believe a girl can come...

STORY: *TIM QUINN*
ART : *DICKY DEE*
EMIL BERNARD
AND *DEANIS!*
LETTERS: *JANEY.*


TODAY, I'VE TO **BOLDLY GO** WHERE **NO WOMAN** HAS GONE BEFORE...
...BRITAIN'S *SPACELAB SIXTY NINE!*
OPEN WIDE AND IN I GO...
NOW TO GET ON WITH MY *MISSION*...
WHAT TH-?!
WOAH! JUST A MINUTE...!


DON'T I EVEN GET A **COUNTDOWN**?! 5...4...3...2...1... **LIFT OFF!**
SHIELDS DOWN—BOOSTERS TO **THRUST!** GO! **GO!** — **GO!**
YES! **YES!** PREPARE FOR **RE-ENTRY!** THAT'S ONE **BIG** DICK FOR MANKIND!
OKAY, BOYS! **MISSION OVER!** I'LL BE BACK AGAIN, SAME TIME, NEXT WEEK, WITH YOUR **ESSENTIALS!**
THE THINGS I DO FOR MY COUNTRY. **MMM!... AND** I **LOVE** EVERY **HOT, STICKY WET** MOMENT OF IT!

marie

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Marie could never be called the shy and retiring type – as we soon found out when she arrived at Club HQ for her very first shoot. "I've always been an outrageous flirt," confesses the 19-year-old drama student, suggestively peeling down her suspenders and easing off her basque. "You know I'm even

known as Miss Behaving amongst my friends," laughs the blonde bombshell. "You'll always find me out with the girls on a Friday night trying to pick up a willing fella, or two!

"If I see a bloke I fancy, I'll flash my eyes at him, toss my hair back then walk over and chat him up," says Marie with a wicked glint in her eye. "There's no way he can resist me after that!"

Who said anything about resisting, Marie? ♣

TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Outdoor Action

If there's one thing that gets my boyfriend, Ian, hard, it's knowing how much I love being fucked in public places. To be honest, I don't know where my exhibitionist tendencies come from. I remember being given a right old sorting on my first night away at university. It was during the Fresher's Ball (how appropriate!) under the rugby posts and I was given a large portion by a really gorgeous young man with only darkness for cover, but I'm not sure that this one experience turned me into the open-air freak that I am now! Still, whatever the reason, I can't help getting a damp pussy whenever I go out for the evening. It doesn't matter if it's just for a few quiet drinks in the local pub or a posh night out at the theatre, I know it's going to end up with me bent over somewhere, my skirt (invariably short) hoisted up over my regulation black stockings and suspenders, my knickers pushed to one side and Ian's dick banging in and out of me until he shoots one great, hot dollop of jism deep into my cunt! If that sounds a bit sluttish, then I guess you'd be right. I love the thought of being caught with my trousers down (or my skirt up, to be more accurate!) being bonked to high heaven. It just gives me an extra thrill, maybe because working as a booking agent in London for one of the world's biggest airlines means you have to be so proper all the time!

The best occasion that Ian and I managed to fuck was after we'd been to see one of the big West End musicals. We'd already left our seats during the performance and I'd given Ian a quality blow-job in the loos, his big, thick tool unleashing a torrent of semen right down my throat in one of the girl's cubicles as we listened to another woman having a wee in the next one. We didn't take things any further, because it was a bloody good play after all (and you wouldn't want to miss it all at those prices!). And besides, my swollen pussy lips really wanted to be pounded outside rather than in, if you know what I mean!

After the play finished, Ian and I were walking back along Charing Cross Road (it probably should have been Shaftesbury Avenue!) and decided to nip into Soho Square, which has a lovely little park in the middle. Well, it doesn't take a genius to work out what was on my mind. I gently grabbed Ian's dick and immediately felt it stiffening through his expensive evening trousers. We crossed to the entrance of the park and found, to my pussy's great dismay, that the gates were locked. I wasn't going to be thwarted though, and gamely tried to shin up the fencing and do a bunk over it. Great idea, until I reached the top, my skirt having ridden up to expose

my skimpy knickers and my curvy bum, and tried to jump. The short, red skirt ripped a good three inches on the top of the railings!

Still, I was just too horny to care and the minute Ian hauled himself down after me I simply threw my skirt off, downed my knickers and bent over the nearest bench. You wouldn't believe how good it felt! Here we were, right in the centre of London, my fanny and arse being cooled down by the evening breeze and Ian heating me up by fucking me doggy-style like a man possessed. You could hear the voices of people walking around the outside of the park hardly ten feet away and that really turned me on. My pussy juices were flowing like a torrent as Ian bucked me from behind, his cock feeling absolutely massive inside my love hole. The poor boy was as turned on as I was and grunted so loud that I can't believe no-one heard him as he came for the second time that cum-filled evening. The force of his ejaculation took me by surprise and the moment I felt his hot cum deep inside me, it triggered off one of those powerful orgasms that seems to arrive from nowhere and hits you with the intensity of a steamroller! I too screamed and buckled a bit at the knees, Ian grabbing me around the waist to support me. I must have screamed a bit louder than I thought, because a concerned voice from the other side of the rails (which were fortunately shrouded by bushes too!) asked if everything was alright in there:

"Er... fine," I stammered as Ian set to work on my aching pussy with his tongue, darting in and out of me greedily. "Everything's... er, fine!" The man's voice chuckled, obviously realising what was going on and departed with a cheery 'have a good time'. I thought I already had, but Ian's hard work on my clit brought me off for another pretty powerful orgasm.

On the tube on the way home I got more than a few funny looks as people stared at my ripped skirt and tousled hair, but that only succeeded in turning me on more. I flashed my knickers, my pubic bush clearly visible through the sheer fabric, at one really good looking guy, crossing and uncrossing my legs provocatively. Ian loves to watch me turning other guys on and this fella's dick got instantly hard.

I knew what Ian wanted, so when we reached our stop I leant over to the guy and simply said "come with us"! He may have been taken aback, but he didn't argue and once we were in the deserted car park I told him not to worry, unzipped his flies and gave him a true deep-throat blow-job. Ian was beside himself, wanking off beside us, which really turned me on. As this well-hung stranger unloaded his semen into my mouth Ian jerked and came for the third time, spunk flying everywhere. What a thrill!

Our mystery man thanked me profusely and we walked on home for another fabulous fuck before we finally collapsed, exhausted in the small hours. Now it's hard for us to leave the house without ending up fucking each other senseless somewhere public. All I need now is to find a willing girl on our travels, because I really love pussy almost as much as a hard cock, and my sexual needs will have been completely fulfilled! – *Louise, London*

University Challenge

I am in seventh heaven! I'm 19 years old, away from home for the first time, and am sharing a house with three of the nicest people you could wish to meet. We're all University students in Exeter and met during the first week at college. We got on really well because we all realised that we have a very liberated attitude to sex (which, surprisingly, seems to be the exception rather than the rule these days!) and decided that we should rent a house together as soon as possible.

At the end of the first term, John, Stefan, Emma and I found a typical student house on the edge of town. It was pretty run-down, but it was cheap and it meant that we would all be together.

Our first evening in the new house turned out to be quite a night. We had bought enough booze to pickle a thousand livers and got stuck into the massed array of beers and shorts with gusto. By nine o'clock the four of us were completely out of it and had spent most of the previous three hours discussing sex; where we'd had it, how we liked it, how often we liked it, absolutely everything. Emma, who's a gorgeous girl with long, shapely legs, big tits and luscious, pouting lips, was loving the conversation, giggling and unself-consciously showing a large amount of thigh under her short skirt. The air was pretty heavy with expectation, the alcohol already having loosened our inhibitions:

"Well. I reckon instead of just talking about it, we should do something," she grinned, then stood up and started gyrating to the music that was coming from the ghetto blaster in the corner. The three of us watched, transfixed, as Emma ran her hands down over her boobs

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Dial and come in my mouth!
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lick my clit out:-
& THEN SHAFT ME FROM BEHIND:-
0898 122 735

WHACK YOUR THICK MEAT RIGHT UP ME!
0898 122 737

WIFE TAKES YOU & YOUR MATE
0898 122 738

GENUINE HOUSEWIVES CONFESSIONS
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Big black cock is my speciality
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YOU'RE MY HUSBAND, WATCH ME TAKE TWO BIG COCKS 0898 122 752

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LATE NIGHT HARD CORE
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I'M A NURSE & I NEED A STIFF THERMOMETER
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I'M LUCY & JUST DYING FOR YOUR BIG FAT ONE
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Lesbian open leg sex action
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BIG TITTED MATRONS LOVE YOUNG DICK
0898 122 759

Take me from behind you horny fu*r**
0898 122 760

I'M MANDY, I NEED YOU STIFF
0898 122 761

DIAL NOW & HEAR ME WANK
0898 122 762

LISTEN AS THIS 18yr OLD BLOND LOSES HER VIRGINITY
0898 122 763

Take my [redacted]
& I'll lick your balls!
0898 122 742

I LOVE TO SUCK YOUNG COCK, KATHY - HOUSEWIFE
0898 122 743

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB. Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate & 48p per min at all other times.
Some numbers may direct you to other services before connection.

seductively, before finally coming to rest on her pussy. She caressed it and I looked inquisitively. I had never had a lesbian encounter before, but had always wanted to try. The fact that there were a couple of good-looking guys in the room who had already admitted that they were turned on by the thought of two girls together really made me feel sexy.

I stood up, went over to Emma, put my hand on her boobs and kissed her passionately on the lips. That tongue felt so good that my pussy started to moisten and throb immediately.

I could feel Emma shaking as she undid the buttons at the back of my dress and helped it slip to the floor, leaving me standing in nothing but bra and panties. I had lost all sense of inhibition and quickly wiggled out of my underwear, while helping this gorgeous girl to get naked too.

I sank to my knees and buried my tongue deep in Emma's tangy cunt. It tasted so good that I greeedily rolled my tongue around her labia, darting in and out of her most private place with obvious relish!

I glanced up and could see that her nipples were sticking out a mile; she was obviously really turned on by our impromptu display!

Suddenly I felt something hot and hard nudging at my cheek. It had obviously gotten all too much for Stefan, who had taken all his clothes off and was standing next to me, panting gently, his cock bobbing expectantly. I took my tongue away from Emma's love hole and eagerly took Stefan's thick length in my mouth. The combined taste of her fanny and his dick was absolutely mind-blowing and I greedily worked the shaft, paying special attention to the purple helmet. The boy didn't last long before his jizz was hitting the back of my mouth and boy, did he have a lot of it. I thought it would never end as the creamy substance slid easily down my throat.

In my excitement I'd forgotten all about Emma, but I needn't have worried. As I turned around there she was, laid back on the couch, an ecstatic grin on her face, with John sinking what must have been a good eight inches deep into her snatch. He was groaning in time with his rhythmic thrusting, going at it with some real speed. He didn't look like the most sensitive lover in the world, but Emma didn't look like she wanted one judging from the way she was pulling at her own nipples!

Stefan was already back to full attention, so I bent over Emma's jiggling orbs and started licking them, while offering my bum up in the air for Stefan's tool. As I gratefully accepted a good, hard length in my fanny I imagined that this scene was like something from a really horny porn movie. I could just see the cameras filming these four hot young people licking, sucking and fucking for all they were worth. I must admit, it really turned me on and as Stefan came with a long, low moan, I kind of put on a bit of a show, bucking, writhing and tossing my hair from side to side. Mind you, it certainly wasn't all show as an orgasm swept through my body and brought that warm glow to my senses. I put my head back down to Emma's boobs and teased them voraciously, pulling at Stefan's cock with my cunt muscles to keep his length inside me.

Emma was fast approaching an orgasm of her own, her breath hot on the side of my own face. Suddenly, her whole body convulsed, she grabbed the side of the sofa and a look of total ecstasy came across her face. John had obviously spunked at exactly the same as she had reached the time of her orgasm and boy, did it ever look good!

The four of us calmed down, thoroughly exhausted and more than a little surprised by the shagging scene that we had all just enacted. Still, it certainly broke the ice with my new flat mates and we've had more than a few extremely torrid sex sessions between the four of us since that initiation ceremony. If I say so myself I reckon I'm pretty damn good at this group sex thing and I think I've got a great career ahead of me in the movies! Do you suppose the careers officer at college will have any decent openings for me? – *Trudi, Exeter*

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

Maid For Pleasure

Now if the sight of us two girls brings back all sorts of dirty memories for your readers, then it's because they've seen us both in Club before in all our naked glory! My name is Danielle and my sexy friend is Gabriella and I'd like to tell you how we first met each other.

I was working in one of the more salubrious hotels in Brighton last summer, and as part of my job as a chambermaid I had to make sure that each room was nice and tidy. I normally did this around mid-morning when most of the guests had gone out for the day.

One morning I had finished all but one room , but when I knocked and got no reply, I entered. I found the curtains still drawn and the naked form of someone asleep on the double bed. I stopped for a moment and ran my eyes over a smooth, feminine, richly-tanned body that completely fascinated me. It looked so delicious, I lost myself in a naughty little fantasy I'd been concocting in my fertile imagination.

Suddenly, as if she'd read my thoughts, Gariella rolled over and moaned softly. She was obviously having a dream, and a pretty erotic one too by the sound of it. “Oooh, that's it. Lick me again like that...” she purred, before opening her legs and running her painted fingernails down her thighs.

I was frozen to the spot... what should I do? Leave as quickly as I could and come back later, or tiptoe around the room cleaning as quietly as I possibly could? I know I should have done something, but I couldn't tear myself away from the sight of this gorgeous, young girl writhing around in front of me.

“Fuck me... harder!” she moaned lasciviously, as her hands ran over her pussy mound and she began frantically rubbing away at her clit. I took a step closer, instinctively undoing my short skirt and blouse and letting them fall to the floor.

I knelt at the foot of the bed and then spread her legs. “That's it,” she whispered, without even looking at me. “Now lick my cunt.” I sank my open mouth onto her warm pussy, running my hard, little tongue along the length of her creamy slit.

She squirmed even more, driven nearer and nearer to her climax by my hot mouth. I was getting just as wet myself, clinging with both hands to her soft bum cheeks and lifting her up off the bed to cover my face with her sopping cunt.

Suddenly, her gasps stopped and she arched her back clear off the sheets, holding that position as the first intense shiver of her orgasm trembled through her. I could taste her juices; a single tangy drop first, then a torrent of her creamy come dribbled onto my tongue as the full force of an orgasm rippled through her. She let out a loud sigh of relief and collapsed back onto the bed, whilst I greedily lapped up every last drop.

I was still noisily lapping at her cunt with my tongue when I felt her body go rigid once more. “Somebody tell me I'm still dreaming,” she whispered. I looked up at her smiling, sticky juices coating my face.

“No, you're not dreaming,” I giggled, sliding up her body 'til our faces were nearly touching. Before I could even explain my presence she pushed me over onto my back on the bed so that she was lying on top of me.

“One good turn deserves another,” she said, and without another word she slithered down to my crotch and began licking away at my pussy.

Now whether I'm being fucked by a fella or a woman, I just love getting it from behind – there's nothing as sexy as looking over your shoulder to see someone working on your pussy. So swinging one leg over Gabrielle's head, I perched my bum high in the air.

Gabrielle didn't even lose

her rhythm as her tongue and lips began swirling around my pussy. Talk about heaven! Being fucked by a beautiful blonde on silk sheets when you're meant to be working must be one of the best things that can happen to a girl and I was determined to make the most of it!

Opening my legs even further, I reached down with one hand, found my clit and with just a little pressure in the right place I was off. Gabriella certainly knew how to give as good as she got and I could feel my pussy lips being gently eased apart as her tongue and nose pushed into my wet cunt.

I was getting closer to coming with every squeeze of my clit and every slurp of her tongue. "Suck me, you bitch!" I howled as I pushed back onto her face and climaxed hard. Before I could even recover I saw the door burst open and Dick, the hotel manager, stumbled into the room.

"Is everything okay in here? I thought I heard someone screaming...oh, it's you, Danielle!" he stammered. I thought I was in for a showdown, but Gabrielle jumped to the rescue.

"I must compliment on the excellent service of your staff," she purred. "Now why don't you just shut the door and come over here? I think we could squeeze another one in bed here..."

"Well, I don't think, er... I mean, well, I could check that Danielle is making you feel at home I guess," he stammered. He walked towards the bed, his eyes wide and a smile on his face. Gabrielle moved over and patted the middle of the bed.

"Now hurry up and get undressed," she giggled. "I want extra special service from the manager, okay?" Gabrielle looked over at me and winked as Dick hurriedly stripped off his clothes and jumped into bed with us. I'd always admired Dick's broad shoulders and strong build and I often wondered how he'd measure up in bed – it looked as if I was going to find out!

Gabriella edged her way down his body, raking her fingers over every inch of his shoulders, chest and stomach 'til her delicate hands stopped at his manhood. "Now," she breathed huskily, holding his erect cock inches from her lips, "you're not going to get angry with my friend here, are you?" He shook his head.

"Do you promise?" she teased, before running her tongue up the underside of his cock and flicking it over his helmet. He nodded, biting his bottom lip. "Good... because we're going to fuck your brains out!" she giggled, and with that she took my hand and placed it where hers had been. We swapped places, and as I knelt over his cock, Gabrielle straddled his head. We positioned ourselves so we were facing each other, then smiling wickedly in unison we both sank our open cunts onto Dick – me on his cock and Gabriella onto his mouth.

I think I came the second his whole rigid length slipped inside me. I rested my curls down on his wiry pubes and threw my head back as my juices gushed down and smothered his prick. Dick's hands came up and held my tits, rubbing my nipples with his thumbs. I looked at Gabriella and we fell together in a kiss as we began to grind down around on our lover.

The poor bloke managed to hold on for half-an-hour, making us both come a couple of times, before finally shooting his spunk up my pussy. We finished him off by both lying between his legs and licking his cock clean, tickling his balls with our tongues.

"Look, I really should be at work," gasped Dick. "I've got to make sure that our customers are getting the best service possible."

Suddenly I sat up. "Right then," I grinned, picking up the phone and dialling the switchboard. "Let's do just that... hello, room service? Could you bring up a couple of bottles of champagne to room 401, please? Oh, and can you make sure that Debbie on the bar brings it up? That should do the trick!" I laughed, hanging up.

"Now Dick, you'll see how attentive your staff *really*

are!" A couple of minutes later there was a knock at the door and in walked Debbie with our champagne. Now, me and Debbie go back a long way too, and as our sex sessions always involve a couple of bottles of bubbly, I'm sure she would have got the message and come prepared.

"Hiya, Danni!" she cried, unbuttoning her blouse and stepping out of her stockings. "I thought you might be behind this." And with that she sat on the bed and poured the champagne.

"Cheers!" came the cry in unison, and we quickly knocked back a bottle together. Then Debbie pushed Dick back onto the bed, opened up another bottle of bubbly and poured a glassful over his cock.

"Come on, girls! Champagne tastes great when you drink it like this." And with that she dived onto his prick and slurped every drop off. It tasted so good that we did it again, and as we became more tiddly, Dick got his own back. Sitting up in bed, he shook the bottle and sprayed the three of us in bubbly!

"Now *that's* the only way to enjoy it," he laughed as we all fell into a licking, sucking tangle of legs and arms. He was running his tongue over my rock-hard nipples, then Gabriella's, then Debbie's – before we all stopped giggling and got down to the business of fucking. Soon the only sound you could hear was the slapping of his cock as he took it in turns to power his rod into the three of us in turn, making sure that each of us climaxed.

We ended up spending most of the afternoon in the room, the four of us satisfying each other in as many ways as we could possibly think of!

We even ended up putting on a little bit of a lezzie show for Dick and I swore the sound of him popping his load was louder than the bottles of champagne! – *Danielle, London*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

Northern De-Lights

I don't know whether it's just me or not, but sometimes when I read your magazine, I feel that there's a bit of a Southern bias there! Most of your confessions seem to be written by people who live in the South of the country, though it's not as if they have more sex than us randy girls in the North – that'd be impossible!

I come from a small mining town just outside Sheffield, and there's a whole group of us, four friends, who always hang around and do everything together. Let's face it – there's not a lot to do all day here when most of the shops and businesses have closed down and nearly everyone's out of work. You end up letting your mind wander an awful lot, and it usually turns to sex before too long. And there's a huge crowd of guys in the town with equally large amounts of time on their hands too – and very fertile imaginations!

I'm not really at all sure how everything started, the antics I'm going to confess to your readers, but 10 months ago, I started noticing one of the guys who lived in our road, Dave. He was out of a job, like most of the guys round here, and so he had a lot of time on his hands – all of which he seemed to spend either having sex or preparing his body for it by playing football or working out in the gym. I couldn't believe I hadn't noticed him before, but I certainly did now! My pussy just ached even if I passed him in the street, my nipples tingled if he even looked my way if I happened to spot him in our local pub. Then I found out that my friend Cheryl knew him.

"You know his nickname's Shagger, don't you?" she told me, giggling – and proceeded to spill the beans about how Dave came to live in the town (he'd moved there to stay with his brother and sister-in-law), how he played football at least three times a week – which was only a third of the time he spent having sex!

"That's where he got his name from!" she carried on. "I know several girls who he's fucked, and they say he's the best lay ever, with a tongue that gets *everywhere* and a cock this size..."

She gestured with her hands and my mouth watered. I could almost feel that cock sliding between my moist love lips and probing deep inside my cunt.

I knew then that I had to have him – but I didn't know what a time I was going to get doing it!

Cheryl started dragging me down to the football pitch after that, and because I'd always be there wearing tight leggings and sweaters, and always with my eye on Dave, he soon noticed me. Trouble was, he noticed Cheryl and the other two girls – Jayne and Nicky – that we always went down to the pitch with, as well!

I don't know which of us it was who hatched out the plot, but it was a wicked one. We were going to corner Dave in the showers at the pitch, and give him a match he'd never forget as long as he lived!

It was ridiculously easy to get him cornered as well. I think Cheryl had let a couple of the other lads in on our plot, because they made sure that they'd made themselves scarce. The showers were still steamed up as we burst in, to find Dave just in his underwear, towelling his hair dry!

Cheryl turned around and bolted the door, as he looked up in surprise to see three women advancing towards him. The next minute, his pants were round his ankles, courtesy of Nicky's eager fingers, and I was looking at the most delicious cock I think I'd ever seen.

"That's what you've been frigging your little clitty over for all these weeks, isn't it?" Cheryl asked me. I was so excited, I could only nod. The thought of that cock in my mouth or my cunt was almost too much for me. "Well, now it's about time that Dave gave you a taste of the real thing!"

Dave was too shocked to say a word – well, wouldn't *you* be if you were suddenly set upon by four randy girls – but his cock was certainly rising to the occasion, the foreskin stretching as the veins started to enlarge and his balls started to fill with come. It was as enormous as I'd heard to, all of nine inches in length and so thick that I knew I wouldn't be able to get my fingers around it. As for my mouth...

I was pretty shocked when I discovered that I could stretch my lips wide enough to take the whole circumference of that dick. And boy, did it taste delicious – thick and meaty and tangy, just as I love a cock to be. My knees felt uncomfortable on the cold tiles of the dressing room as I knelt in front of Dave and started to suck his cock in earnest, but I didn't care. The only sensation I was aware of was Dave's tool inside my mouth, my fingers gripping the shaft firmly and occasionally reaching down to cup his balls.

I'd forgotten that there was anyone else in the room, I was so engrossed with the blow-job I was giving Dave, but Cheryl and the others didn't allow me to forget. After all, it was a bit selfish of me, hogging all the action to myself while they were just left there to watch.

"Lay him down on the physio bench," Jayne urged. "Then we can all have a go."

Dave offered no resistance when the other girls pulled his pants right off and led him over to the bench, though I did moan as I had to break my mouth's contact with his cock. I was all set to start sucking it again, when Cheryl intervened.

"Now you know that a blow-job's all very well, but not what you really wanted," she told me. "You really want that cock in your hot little snatch, don't you?"

I couldn't deny it, even though I'd been having a great time sucking his cock: a good screwing was what I really wanted.

"Okay then – let's see if he lives up to that nickname!" I whooped.

I whipped off my clothes in a flash and gave Dave a really good, look at my smooth, firm young body before clambering on top of the bench and straddling that cock. There were no preliminaries: I just grabbed it and pushed it inside me, sinking down so that I could enjoy the pulsing thickness to the full.

Dave grasped my waist with one hand, while the other reached down and started to play with my clitty, easing the little button out of its hood and stroking it softly but firmly until I was shaking with arousal. None of the other girls were touching Dave, but I could tell from

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their avid gazes that they weren't missing a trick, their eyes following every upward thrust of Dave's cock as it was reflected in the way my hips moved up and down and around. My small boobs were bobbing up and down with the exertion as Dave speeded up his fucking, and my face must have been contorted into all kinds of shapes. But I was so turned on, and so far gone, that I didn't care. All I was concentrating on was the fact that my orgasm wasn't far off, and judging from the strain on Dave's face and the tightness of his balls, his wasn't far behind.

That first orgasm is always delicious, and when it started coursing through me, I just rode with it, my pussy muscles clenching and my hands gripping Dave's arms hard as he made me come. I'd just started on the upward spiral towards my second climax when I felt Dave's cock erupt inside me.

"He's coming," I gasped, and lifted up my pussy, so that half of his cock was exposed. All the girls could watch his cock pumping that come up inside me.

Dave still hadn't said a word, but I just couldn't stop talking when I'd uncoupled myself from him. "God, that was fantastic!" I babbled.

"Now it's someone else's turn," Cheryl decided, and Jayne was next up on to the bench for treatment. Sometime while Dave had been fucking me, she'd undressed, and I could now see that Dave's eyes were glued to her blonde snatch, which was almost free of bush.

"That's so she can feel extra close to her men," Cheryl whispered as Jayne took Dave's limp cock in both hands and started to gently wank it, gradually bringing it back to hardness. Then she arched her back as she fed the length into her pussy, leaning right back once Dave was fully inside her, with her elbow taking her weight and her legs stretched out in front of her, so that they were making an X shape on the bench.

"Now fuck her, Dave," Cheryl told him, and Dave's hips started to move frantically up and down as he pushed his cock in as deeply as he could. Of course, there was no way he was totally hard again so quickly, but he was satisfying Jayne. She was playing with her own clitty, really frigging it hard with her fingers.

He only shot a small amount of come between Jayne's pussy lips, and from the way he collapsed back onto the bench, panting, it was obvious that he wasn't going to be able to do much more for a while. There must have been no spunk left in his balls whatsoever!

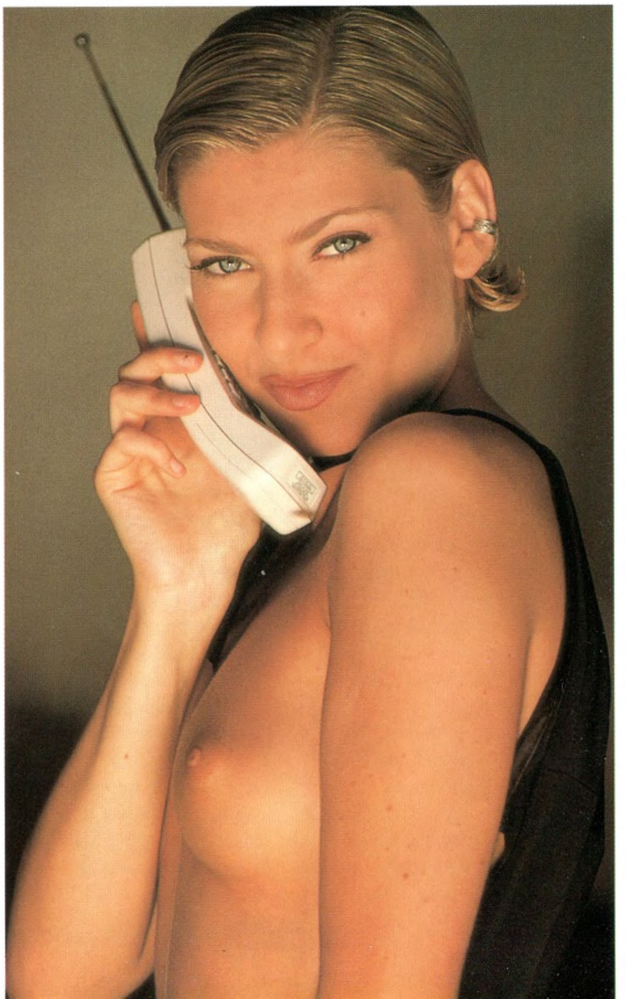
Nicky looked a bit put out. "I thought I was going to get a good sorting out," she said.

Cheryl grinned. "But you'll be getting to suck that hot cock now – just imagine what it'll taste like..." she told her, and Nicky was somewhat mollified. I think Dave must have heard every word, but after all his hard work he couldn't speak. He didn't even say a word when Nicky bent over and started sucking his overworked cock, lashing her tongue all over his shaft and balls as well, running her fingers through his bush.

I looked across at Cheryl, and realised why, although she'd been directing the action, she'd shown no inclination to get a slice of it herself – she was getting off on watching instead! Her eyes were shining and her nipples all stiff through her shirt, and from the movement underneath her skirt, I could see that she was clenching her thighs together to put pressure on her little clitty.

Nicky managed to coax another load of come from Dave's balls, though only a small amount shot between her lips and down her throat. The poor bloke was totally knackered by this time, but his load seemed to satisfy Nicky, who just grabbed Cheryl's hand, pushed it between her legs and up her skirt and motioned for her to just bring her off with her fingers.

You can imagine what kinds of stories have been going around town since this happened. Dave is really known as a bit of a cock of the North now, able to satisfy three women at one sitting even after a hard game of footie! But we four all know that we got the better of him that day, and we're also planning to take him by surprise again for a return match now that the new season is well under way! – *Kerry, South Yorks* ♣

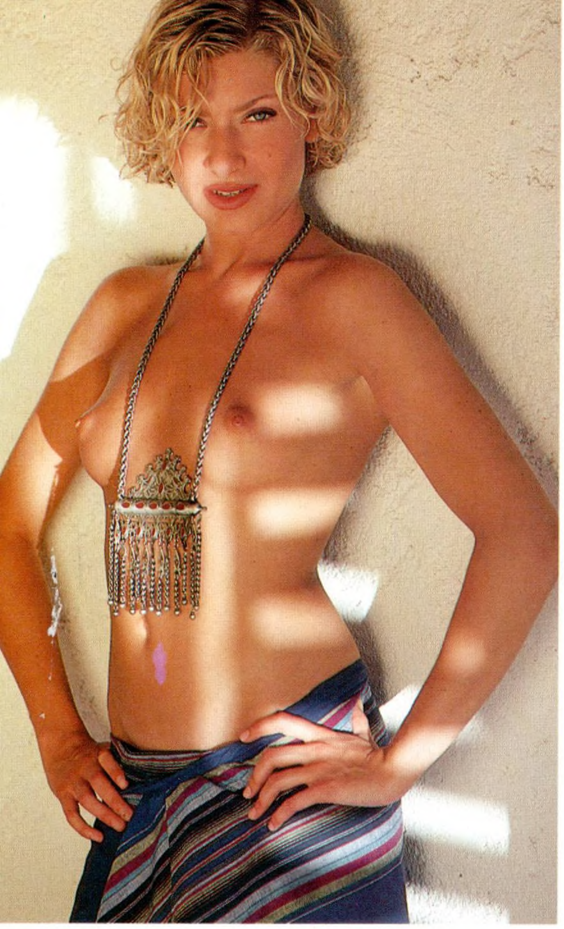


Photographss by Michael Moore

sonia

Nineteen-year-old Sonia's been holidaying in the South of France for the last three weeks, and the drama student from Reading quite possibly possesses the pertest pair of tanned tits we've seen this side of summer!

"I was a bit shy about going topless to begin with," reveals the blonde bombshell, "but once I saw the effect I had on the fellas



out there, I knew I was onto a winner! "Their eyes would almost pop out of their heads when they saw the way I poured suntan lotion over my breasts, slowly rubbing the glistening oil into my nipples. "Let's just say that after that little display I was never short of a space on the beach, a parasol or a willing hand to rub oil into my back!" ♣

diana

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Diana here hates being called a 'blonde bimbo' so much that she insisted that we interview her in a strictly intellectual manner. So, in an effort to uncover the deeper side of this dirty girl, we gave her a little word association test. You know the sort of thing, we say 'pussy' and she says 'willy'.

However, whatever word we came up with, whether it was 'car', 'lemon' or 'testicles' even, Diana's answer was always the same — "SEX!"

But why, we asked our innocent-looking blonde with the pussy from heaven, is your answer to everything 'sex'?

"Well," she said, slipping a saliva-soaked finger into her snatch, "I suppose I must have sex on the brain!"

Either that or you're a blonde bimbo. Only joking, Diana, we love you really. Ouch! That hurt! ♣

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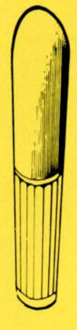

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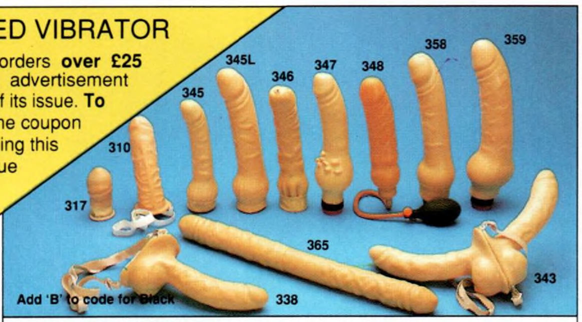

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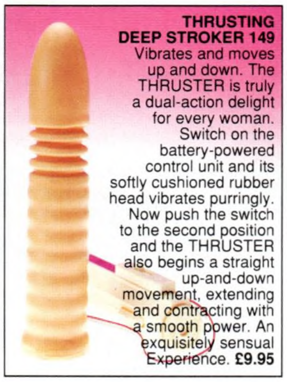

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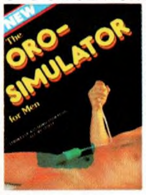

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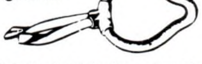

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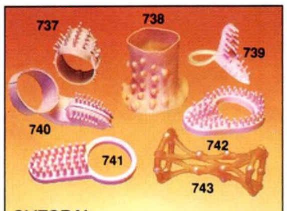

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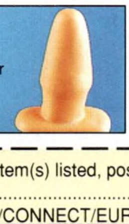

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denise

"I suppose I'm just a natural for this," sighs delightful Denise, rolling around on her luxurious duvet. "I've never modelled before, but you can bet I'll be doing it again!" Indeed. The Club office has stopped giving odds already. Those luscious

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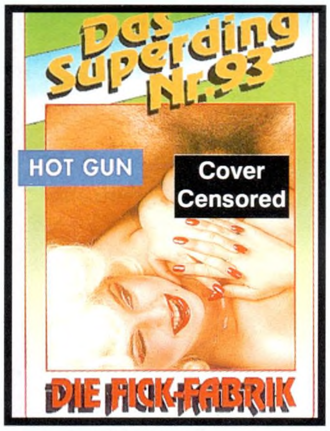

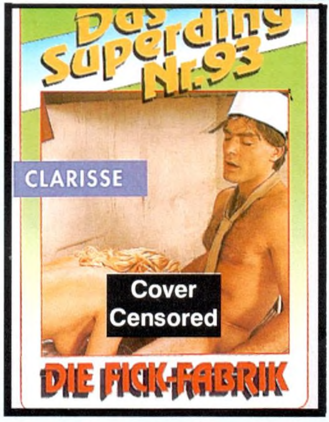

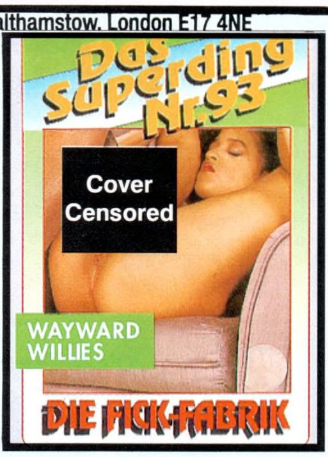

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DIE FICK-FABRIK

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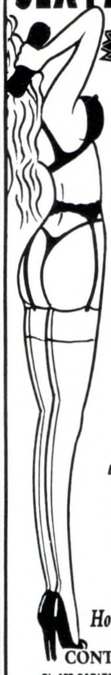

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17 — PHONE LINES

BUZZING vibrators all tickling away at the sides – let Sheila tell you all on . . . 0338 403 494

TRACY & VICKY squirm over each others oiled bodies – fun in the sun on 0338 403 494

DIAL NOW! for your own personal 2 girl sex chat. 0338 403 497

LET ME fondle your huge and hairy balls 'till you spurt in my face. 0338 402 807

ENTER into the castle of cum! It"s a group grope – orgasmic fun on 0338 402 810

XXX RATED hot tart needs a man – she's wet & ready on 0338 402 814

OHH! my a*** is so red and sore, but hot and stingy!! lovely!! 0338 402 817

RAVING shaven nympho gets caught from the back!! Ouch, that hurts. 0338 402 819

LUCY has a nughty story to tell, she's going to tell you all about her kinky sex she carries out, call her on 0338 402 823

LINDA wants to w**k you silly! Let her cream you off on 0338 403 336

2 GIRLS looking for other couples to join in. Call 0898 224 402

PANTIES on sale on 0898 224 404

ORAL ANNIE takes it all down 0898 224 407

KATE (31) is a chef, she's going to show you some of things she can do with kitchen utensils! 0338 402 829

WOULD you like to join my husband & I in a 3 in the bed ecstasy orgy. 0338 403 356

LET ME SUCK ON your dangling sex sacks – get them out & lets do it! 0338 403 414

CINDY'S been a very naughty girl! call her and let her know what her punishment would be. 0338 403 419

FOR the hottest dirty talk call . . . 0898 224 418

WE'RE TWO rampant females, always wet, and we'd like guys to join in with us. 0338 403 417

BACK SEAT BONK, pull them to one side and ram it up the back way. 0338 403 349

PANTIES around my ankles, now bend me over because I love it up my a***! 0338 403 352

PVC PLAYSUIT sweating & sexy. 0898 224 424

MY BOSS likes to strip me slowly – peel my stockings off, knickers to one side and part my legs – hear all on 0338 403 354

CUM in my hot mouth. 0338 403 420

A YOUNG slim pussy cat is looking for some hot new street talent call 0338 403 491

COMMON sex sl*g takes it up the hard way hear Glendas groans on 0338 403 491

The U.K's TOP 20
ULTIMATE PHONELINES
Readers Own Sex Confessions
Live recorded sex acts with

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7	CHAMBERMAID ATTENDS TO YOUR NEEDS	0338 425479
8	SPORTING DISCIPLINE	0338 425480
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10	WIFE SUCKS AS SHE'S SXXXKED	0338 425482
11	SHE SUCKS TWO MEN	0338 425483
12	SHOOT IT BETWEEN HER JUGS	0338 425484
13	18 YR OLD MASTURBATES	0338 425485
14	FILTHY EXPLICIT SWAP	0338 425486
15	HUBBY SEES WIFE & 3 MEN	0338 425487
16	BOUND & FXXXED DOGGY STYLE	0338 425488
17	FEMININE FINGERS IN HER FANNY	0338 425489
18	SHE WANKS HIM IN HER PANTIES	0338 425490
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BONK MY BAPS! 0338 403 403

CUM between my round, firm tits & rub all the sp**k in! 0338 403 484

OH! I'd love a bit of "rough" & tumble – if your a real man take me on. 0338 403 405

WE'LL SNEAK you into our college dormitory and let you watch us in shocking action! 0338 403 407

THE MILKMAN masturbates between Mellisa's hairy lips. 0338 403 482

TARTY TINA wants you for sex in any position – you decide on 0338 403 483

I'M SPREAD open & ready for you to take me anyway you want. 0338 403 404

ANY POSITION you get to name your way! 0338 403 402

"ORAL!" mmm! make me gag on your stiff todger and choke on your sp**k. 0338 403 401

I FEEL MYSELF up under the desk, I'll let you listen to my squelchy noises on 0338 403 408

PUT your rod between my breasty dumplings for a hot tit w**k. 0338 403 486

I'M SITTING here alone & naked! you can take me anyway you like. 0338 403 486

STRICT WOMEN in blue puts you over her knee & gives you her truncheon on 0338 402 822

XXX SORDID SEX action – listen in just dial the number, get it out & jerk off. 0338 402 821

HELGA the Headmistress of an all girls school wants to teach men a lesson, bend over, pick up the phone & call 0338 402 825

LEATHER LUST bound up in black leather and waiting your instruction. 0338 403 422

PENNY the flat pancake – erect her nipples on 0898 224 426

RED HOT hand rampant Helga, the German fraulin takes it hard! 0338 403 424

BOARDROOM BANG up, office meeting and I got it hard, many times, sloppy seconds on 0338 403 406

MANDY loves to have a hot milky mouth. 0898 224 427

2 DYKES frig each other silly – listen to the sticky mess on 0338 403 492

BARE bottomed girls for your pleasure 0338 403 493

ALL 0898 & 0338 NUMBERS ARE CHARGED AT 36p MIN. CHEAP, 48p MIN. OTHER TIMES. D.D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9UU.

Photographs by ● Maria Clarke

michelle

Holy cow, Batman! Do our eyes deceive us or can this really be the Catwoman herself in Club, Michelle Pfeiffer? Sadly not, fellas; but 20-year-old Michelle Sanderson not only shares the same name as Hollywood's leading lady, but also the same stunning looks too...

"Men are always coming onto me in clubs and restaurants," reveals the bank clerk from North London. "They just can't believe that I'm not who they think I am!

"I certainly don't mind," purrs Michelle sexily, "I've always been a fan and I thought she looked so sexy in that tight, black catsuit – I bet I'm not the

only one who's fantasised about what she looks like underneath! I'm sure you can get a good idea when you see me peel off all my clothes, don't you think?" We sure can, Michelle. Move over Catwoman, here comes The Pussy... Kapow! ♣

COMING IN club

CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SPECIAL!

There's cute and there's cute. And then on top of the whole of the cute pile lies Isabelle, wiggling a pair of boobs fit to munch. 'You could eat your dinner off those' you might say, and we certainly tried, though not before we'd shot a saucy session to astound and amaze! Witness the results inside the fulsome figure of December's Club. Miss it at your peril!♣

Volume 22 Number 13 on sale December 2nd

IN THE BAG

continued from page 43

with our naughty games back in the office, before I knocked off at the end of my shift and went back to Stacey's flat in West London. I won't forget that night in a hurry, let me tell you! – *Robert, Richmond*

Oh, Sister...

My girlfriend, Amy, went away on holiday for a week recently, and while she was away her younger sister stayed over at our flat. Natasha's an 18-year-old blonde stunner with an incredible figure, and I was under strict orders from Amy to keep my eye on her – I'm glad to say the pleasure was all mine...

Natasha went to a party last Saturday night, and she asked me if I'd pick her up about one o'clock in the morning as she didn't want to get the bus back. I didn't need much persuading and I was sitting in my car when she stumbled out of the house, obviously a bit drunk. She sat in the car beside me and I caught a glimpse of her black lace stocking top and white knickers as her skirt rode up her thigh. I could hardly drive straight on the way home, my eyes were wandering all over the place.

When we got home I sat myself down on the sofa, then Natasha appeared at the kitchen door holding a glass of wine in one hand and beckoning me over with the other. Ever so casually she dipped a finger into the glass of wine and then ran it down my neck, then she moved closer and started to lick my skin. Then touching the growing bulge in my trousers, she moved back. "I like real men," she purred, "not like all the 18-year-old wimps at the party." I was completely stunned.

I moved closer to her and then eased my hands under her blouse and ran my palms over her breasts. "That's good," she whispered in my ear, "do it more..." I continued to gently rub her nipples then we kissed for the first time, our tongues exploring each other's mouth.

"Sit down," she said, gesturing towards the sofa. I did as she asked and watched as she unbuttoned her blouse and pulled her skirt down around her knees to reveal a black g-string, a thin thread of black cord was barely visible fitting snugly up her backside as she turned around.

Natasha's hands then moved down to her crotch and, easing aside the g-string, she started to rub her pussy. I watched as she eased first one, then two fingers into her snatch and started to frig herself off. I couldn't control myself any more and I dropped onto my knees in front of her and teased her lips with my thumbs, then started to gently lick her, licking her pink cunny lips with my wet tongue.

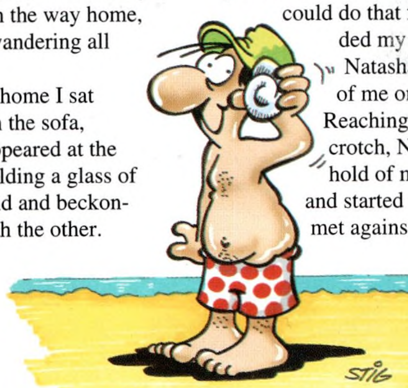
"Finger me," she pleaded, and I slid a finger inside her virgin pussy and started moving it up and down. Natasha rotated her hips and ground her crotch down onto my digit as I frantically frigged her. Then Natasha grabbed my hand and pulled out my finger and drew it to her mouth and started sucking it. It was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen.

"Lie on the couch," said Natasha, and as I did so she pulled off my trousers and her face lit up as my cock sprung out, standing proud like a flagpole. I watched as her lips moved over my bell-end, coating it in saliva. "Does this feel alright?" she asked. "I've never done this before." I nodded my head eagerly as she slid her tongue up and down my shaft. I ran my hands through her long hair, moaning words of encouragement until I felt myself coming and I poured my load down her throat.

"Now I want you to fuck me," purred Natasha. "Do you think you could do that for me?" I nodded my head, then Natasha climbed on top of me on the sofa. Reaching down to my crotch, Natasha grabbed hold of my hard cock and started to rub my helmet against her lips. I was hard again in an instant as I felt her warm wetness, then she fed my length into her cunt and started bobbing up and down, really grinding down hard on me.

I started ramming my dick deep inside her, rearing up at the same time to suck and lick her juicy tits. "Harder, do it harder!" screamed Natasha. I lifted my bum right off the sofa and powered into her hard, feeling my balls slapping against her bum until I felt myself coming again. With a final thrust, I emptied my load inside her and Natasha threw her head back and screamed out her orgasm as we both fell onto the floor in a heap.

We both lay there for a while getting our breath back, until Natasha decided that she wanted even more. That night she was totally insatiable – you'd never have guessed that she was a virgin. Got to go now 'cos Amy gets back the day after tomorrow, so I'm making the most of it! – *Mark, Hornchurch* ♣



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0338 409 407

2 GIRLS, ONE LICKS YOUR BALLS WHILE THE OTHER GIVES YOU HEAD
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PEEL OFF MY STICKY KNICKERS
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ERECT NIPPLES SHAVEN FANNY
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SPREAD MY LEGS AND AHH!
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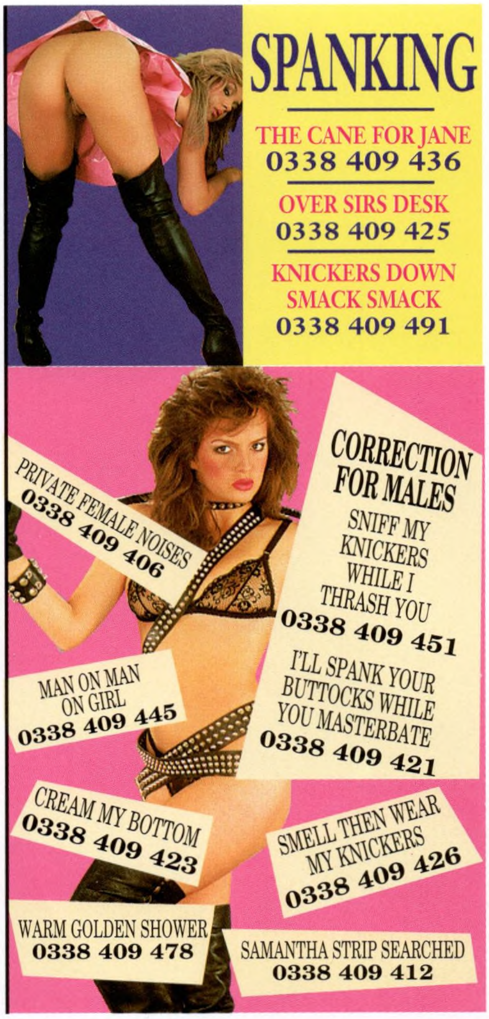

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SNIFF MY KNICKERS WHILE I THRASH YOU
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I'LL SPANK YOUR BUTTOCKS WHILE YOU MASTERBATE
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MAN ON MAN ON GIRL
0338 409 445

CREAM MY BOTTOM
0338 409 423

SMELL THEN WEAR MY KNICKERS
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Two Housewives With One Tomboy
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SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **BURY** *94 Rochdale Rd. **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North. **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **PLYMOUTH** *31 Athenaeum Place, Derrys Cross. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** *16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St.

*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, London E7. 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent NW2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13, 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. *(Off East Parade)* **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP23

PRIVATE LINES
(Dept. C1)627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE
Please send me the items as listed below:

1632

Item Code	Quantity	Total Price
	Grand Total	£

I enclose cash/cheque/P.O. for £________ made payable to M.O. DIVISION, (if paying by cheque please add name and address to reverse).

Name __________
Address __________

Postcode __________

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18. __________ **Signed**